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VOL. LXXVIII—NO. 2012. THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1904. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO
Politics, Literature, Science and Art.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

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Remittances at the risk of the subscriber, unless made by registered letter, or by check, express order or Postal Order payable to "Publisher of the Nation."

When a change of address is desired, both the old and new addresses should be given.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York. Publication Office, 208 Broadway.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1904.

The Week.

In selecting St. Louis for the convention of 1904, the Democratic National Committee has again acknowledged the steadily growing influence of the Middle West in our political affairs. But, after all, the place of meeting is of trifling importance this year as compared with the struggle for mastery of the conservative members of the party and the populistic elements. The intensity of this contest could in no way be affected by the selection of one city or another. But in delaying the convention until July 6, the National Committee took a wise step. It will have two weeks in which to note the results of the Republican convention at Chicago before selecting the party standard bearer. If the Democratic leaders are as shrewd in profiting by the Republican manœuvres as they were in declining to go to Chicago for the benefit of a rich and noisy candidate, they may gain a decided political advantage by choosing the later date. As was to have been expected, there was no really serious effort made to bring the convention to this city. Even the Tammany leaders were but half-hearted in their "demands" for it. And the Western Democrats showed quite as little desire to become the guests or the protégés of Tammany Hall as in former years. The Murphy crowd must play at penitence and reform a little longer before they are taken at their own estimate by the party at large.

Mr. Bryan has again planted himself sullenly athwart the path of Democratic progress. His speech at Lincoln on Monday night was a defiant challenge. The whole Kansas City platform, silver madness and all, is his ultimatum. It is a bold "hold-up" of his party which Mr. Bryan is attempting. The result must be to put an end to the efforts which the sane leaders of his party have been making to live and work with this man. They have been for some time treating him, as Izaak Walton urged fishermen to use a frog—"tenderly, as if they loved him." It had been said that Mr. Bryan was growing "reasonable"; that he was really willing to subordinate personal vanity to the success of the party; and that some working basis could be arrived at with him. He now makes no concealment of his purpose to ruin his party if he cannot rule it. Just what he hopes to accomplish by his threats must be kept clearly in mind. He has no hope of a nomination himself. Even he sees that to be impossible this year. But he does not wish to be elbowed off the stage, even politely. He will not be "placated" in any such way as to seem to surrender the last remnant of his power. His bid is evidently for a veto power. To obtain that, under the two-thirds rule of Democratic conventions, he has only to beat up the chaparral and get together, by hook or by crook, one-third of the delegates. He is willing to strike hands with the most unscrupulous in order to win that minority control. Apparently, to that end, he is even ready to yoke his fortunes with a candidate, W. R. Hearst, whose nomination, if it were conceivable, would be the signal for an explosion of lubricity. Behind all, of course, is the implicit threat of bolting in case Bryan and all his works are cast out by the convention.

"International eminent domain" was the great argument in the Senate on Friday. Senator Spooner, who had before committed himself to the highwayman's plea that we could have done what we did on the Isthmus, treaty or no treaty, said that he was still a little doubtful about the new doctrine. Apparently, it is the name that staggers him, not the thing. When the time comes to settle the question who has the credit of originating international eminent domain, Lieut. O'Connor of the U. S. Tenth Cavalry should not be overlooked. He has an article in the last number of the *Journal of the Military Service Institution*, written before the Panama revolution, in which he cautiously and speculatively advances the doctrine. He admits that it would be a "dangerous" principle, even in theory, and says that the United States "could hardly be the sponsor" of it, since we have "always insisted on the *integrity* of South and Central American States." Lieut. O'Connor's prevision of the alarm and anger which such a step would provoke among the latter, is justified by the effects of the Panama aggression. The press of countries to the south of us has teemed with condemnatory and apprehensive expressions. Thus, the *Tribuna* of Durango, Mexico, speaks of Spanish-Americans as now having the sword of Damocles suspended over their heads, and adds that "whenever Uncle Sam finds it desirable, he will, by a movement which he will call humanity and civilization, cut the thread, and his chosen victim will disappear from among the nations."

Mr. Roosevelt never does anything by halves, but it is hard to believe the dispatches which declare he favors a service pension for civil-war veterans. In all the pension debauch, no President, we believe, has ever gone so far as that. To convert the reckless lavishness of our pension laws into a universal dole has been too evident an indecency for a President to countenance. Hence we must decline to believe that Mr. Roosevelt has cast dignity to the winds, and will give his moral support to a bill providing an alms of $12 a month to all veterans of ninety days' service who suffered no disability through their brief soldiering. The bill would grant the same pensions to widows of such soldiers, where the marriage took place before January 27, 1890. That the Grand Army of the Republic should endorse such a bill is a sign of its complete demoralization. A President could not take it up without notifying the people that he was willing to be something less than a President now, in order that he might be President again.

Gov. Cummins of Iowa believes with the Greek philosopher that "everything flows." His idea is to keep things moving, and he succeeded pretty well in his inaugural address on Thursday. But he wants to keep others moving, too. "Standing pat," he says, is losing the markets of the world to this country, and it is high time to raise the flag of reciprocity aloft. The Governor is not a man to take refuge in glittering generalities. He comes right down to particulars, and tells the farmers that what they need is reciprocity with Canada. This is bearding the lion in his den; but the Governor knows that if you look the lion straight in the eye you can master him every time. So he asks the farmers, point blank, if they would like to lose the market which would be created by our vast imports into Canada rather than meet Canada in competition in the things which they produce. Why, he says, in their sharp struggle with Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and other neighboring States they never would be able to discern the influence of Canadian competition in corn, oats, hay, butter, etc. But this heresy is nothing to his remarks about South America and Europe. Actually, we can make treaties with them that will give work to ten American workmen for every one displaced. This is shocking. Has the Governor forgotten all about the cattle upon a thousand hills that would be in mourning if reciprocity with South America were put in effect? That gentle philosopher who said that he loved to see the hind quarter of a lamb gambolling on a hillside would have to go to Argentina if Gov. Cummins had his way.

Simultaneous ratification of the Chi-

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nese trade treaties with the United States and Japan was doubtless contemplated. It followed within a few days Russia's most explicit declaration that she would scrupulously honor in Mantchuria all treaties made by China. As if to take up the word before it had been forgotten, Mukden, Antung, and Tatung-tao are straightway made free ports. Indeed, Mr. Hay had expedited the declaration by the unusual method of exchanging treaties by cable notification. Such eagerness to hold the Russians promptly to their promises was quite justified by the apparent imminence of war. Once consuls of the civilized Powers are appointed to the treaty ports, the open door in Mantchuria becomes a fact, for the Russians will hardly use toward their peers the cavalier methods freely applied to China. We have already pointed out the advantages of the new treaty in abolishing the cumulative transport tax, called the likin, and in securing Chinese rights for American inventions. Short of a general break-up in the Far East, a foothold for trade will have been secured, and the danger of a Russian monopoly extending over half a continent measurably lessened. For the proclamation of the treaty at this critical time credit is due, not only to the patient diplomacy of Mr. Hay, but also to his alacrity in meeting the turns of an adroit foeman. Nowhere will Mr. Hay's skill in fence be more fully appreciated than in the Russian Foreign Office.

As to the open door—it makes all the difference in the world whose door is to be opened. We have just arranged it so that the Russian door in Mantchuria shall swing wide, but a day later the French Ambassador reminds us that our own in the Philippines is tight closed. When Congress ratified the act remitting the export duty on hemp to shippers to the United States, we predicted that this breach of the Treaty of Paris would not pass without protest. The rebate was clearly in contravention of the promise to give equal treatment to all nations—including our own—trading with the islands. Instead of living up to this contract, we have played a sharp game, as if our engagement did not apply to Philippine exports. Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, and Holland have made diplomatic representations to the State Department on this subject, and France has hinted through her Ambassador that she may be obliged to meet the American rebate by imposing a countervailing duty on American hemp products. Such a course would be fully justifiable. It would also serve as a reminder to Congress to inform itself before voting important laws. The hemp rebate in the Philippine bill was in the nature of a "joker." Nobody knows how it slipped in, though the motives for its presence are obvious; and it was made law almost without consideration. The proper course now is to repeal the preferential, put ourselves in an honest position towards our commercial rivals, and not till then dwell overmuch on the open door. When it is recalled that an export duty is unconstitutional, the words of Martin Littleton at Albany, on Thursday night, fall with the mighty impact of truth. "We have gone," he said, "from a constitutional to a commercial age." Let us at least play the commercial game fairly.

The international arbitration conference at Washington has very wisely concentrated its efforts upon the attainment of an Anglo-American treaty. Six years ago such a treaty was ignominiously cold-shouldered by the Senate, though urged by both Cleveland and McKinley. But times have changed since then, and the principle of arbitration has gained ground. The Hague Tribunal has been established; France and Italy, England and France, have entered into permanent agreements for peaceful adjudication of contested claims; Mr. Balfour has not the suspicious attitude of his illustrious uncle towards the new-fangled diplomacy of peace; and a Senate that is trying to square the Panama aggression with general moral principles is in a more amiable mood than was the body which voted President Cleveland's emergency "war credit." Possibly, the former arbitration treaty was over-elaborate. If so, a simpler document could be drawn, while, for Powers fairly committed to the principle, the Hague Tribunal furnishes promptly all the machinery of an international court. More than a century ago we contributed the Republican idea to France; to-day we need not be ashamed of borrowing in turn the idea of adjustment of international difficulties by orderly judicial processes, rather than by the evasions of diplomacy or the brutal arbitrament of war.

The statement of foreign trade for December, issued on Friday, is one of the most remarkable on record. Both the export trade and the month's excess of exports over imports surpass all precedent. But what is still more impressive is the suddenness with which this position has been created. In the nine months ending with September, excess of merchandise exports over imports fell $10,678,000 below that of the same period in 1902. But so swiftly has this situation changed that the twelvemonth's statement, now before us, shows an export surplus $97,825,000 above the preceding year. It may also be remarked that not only does the export trade for 1903 surpass all previous yearly figures, but the import trade also reaches an unprecedented total. This, taken altogether, is an extremely wholesome showing. The large excess in exports, especially these three past months, has been a timely and great aid in paying off the floating debt created abroad by our bankers and railway managements. It is an interesting though not unusual sign of the times that, in proportion as the country shows its ability to pay off such maturing debt by shipment of its products, Europe displays increased readiness to extend the loan to our corporations in a more permanent form. If the trade position continues this year on the lines of the December statement, some interesting financial results may follow. It should, however, be observed that of the $123,900,000 increase in last year's exports over 1902, $88,100,000 came from the single item of cotton, and as a consequence almost entirely of the higher price.

The cut to forty hours a week in Lancashire has been followed by the stopping of 85 per cent. of the cotton spindles of Normandy for one day a week; and it is reported that this will continue until the end of March. The European mills have been paying vastly larger amounts than usual to this country for cotton, but they have not been getting much larger supplies. It is no wonder, therefore, that they hesitate to run to their full capacity, considering the inability of some of their largest customers to pay higher prices. If it is hard work to raise quotations on cotton cloths right here in the United States, it is not going to be an easy matter to do so in China and other markets. While the old stock of the raw material held by our mills lasted, they were, of course, in some sort of position to meet the demands of their customers, but they are now beginning to run on cotton bought at the high figures of the season. At the same time, buyers of goods are running short, so that it may soon be seen which side has the greater resisting power. Meanwhile, the talk about new fields of cotton culture increases very fast. The latest rivals of our cotton planters are "large Transvaal interests," which now have their agent here studying American methods. Under the mere law of chances some of these new projects should amount to something.

Mr. Robert C. Ogden's annual dinner to the members of the Southern and General Education Boards is always a notable event, if only because of the interchange of views among the Southern and Northern men who attend. Generally, political questions are wholly avoided, but there was one utterance at the gathering this week by a Southern man—President Mitchell of Richmond College—which deserves more attention than it has thus far received. He declared emphatically that the Democracy

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could do itself and the South no greater harm than by inserting an anti-negro plank in its coming national platform. We believe that President Mitchell represents in this matter the views of the broadest and most liberal men in the South. They feel very keenly the mischief done by agitators of the Vardaman, Tillman, and Gorman type, who stir up race prejudice and passion merely in order to obtain a temporary political advantage. By playing upon the fears of the "poor whites," they create an issue which, in Maryland, at least, is purely factitious, but which vastly strengthens their hold upon their States. Since "the evil that men do lives after them," the misunderstandings and hatreds aroused are likely to last long after the demogogues' bones have been interred. It is more encouraging to note, therefore, that more and more Southerners of prominence are realizing just what kind of game these men are playing, and how directly it strikes at Southern progress, happiness, and prosperity.

A new way to collect old debts was revealed last week in the evidence on the Stonecutters' trial. This organization, it will be recalled, was made up of employers who bid collusively for contracts, and of a union that shared in the profits gained by the employers. An incidental advantage of this alliance to the employer was that the walking delegate became his friend and faithful servitor. Thus, Mr. Cosgrove, with a troublesome account of $2,110 uncollected, simply put the bill into the hands of the Stonecutters' Union. The threat of a strike brought the dilatory debtor to time, and Mr. Cosgrove paid "voluntarily" $510 (25 per cent.) to the Union for its services. Naturally, the debt-collecting function of the Stonecutters' Association—which was not inaptly called "the horse market" by the knowing—was inoperative except against outsiders. It constituted a formidable argument in favor of joining the horse market. What view the courts will take of these transactions remains to be seen; sociologists will do well to note that the longed-for "alliance between labor and capital" does not invariably make for good morals or even for permanent industrial peace.

The Central Labor Union of Philadelphia has decided to urge the school teachers of that city to organize a union and become affiliated with it and the Federation of Labor. They will find encouragement in a recent dispatch announcing the formation of a "women's union-label league" in Massachusetts, headed by a Wellesley professor. This is organized to see that the union stamp is attached to all feminine gear, and what more natural than that we should insist upon tagging school teachers, as is proposed in Philadelphia? As soon as the instructors in that city are organized, there should be courses in every school on the great benefits of unionism. Pupils should be taught to "picket" any building whose teachers have not joined the union, and every "scab" mentor of youth should at least be snowballed. We have no doubt that the Republican machine of Philadelphia, which has been of such service to and has profited so much by the teachers' political machine, will welcome this plan of organization. But why stop with the teachers? Why not unionize the children while you are about it, and train them from the beginning in the way they should go? Having drunk in the doctrine of organized labor with their a b c's, there could never be any fear of their wishing to enjoy the right to work for themselves when and where they might please.

Russia, apparently, has been unwilling to take the responsibility of a war in the Far East, and, by a timely withdrawal of her extreme demands, has opened a hope of peace. To-day the negotiations stand very much where they did some months ago. Japan recognizes Russia's ascendancy in Mantchuria, Russia Japan's in Korea. At issue are only such minor matters as neutral zones along the Yalu and the opening of Korean ports—nothing worth fighting about. The obstacle of Japanese incredulity as to Russian promises remains, however, and it may turn out that the war spirit has got beyond control in Japan. Indeed, the pro-Russian press has freely charged that the Katsura Ministry was using the hackneyed but always effective argument of peril from abroad to keep itself in power. Libellous as the charge probably is, it indicates the belligerent temper of the people of Japan. If war is indeed averted, it will be largely due to the generous efforts of the Czar and of that great statesman now in undue obscuration, Sergius de Witte.

With the threat of the French Government to proclaim five bishops without the Pope's consent, the strife between Church and State passes into an acute stage. Waldeck-Rousseau, in the now famous Associations law, intended merely to check the religious orders; M. Combes strikes frankly at the treaty between France and the Vatican. Under Napoleon's Concordat, embodying an earlier right, the French Government reasserted the prerogative of nominating bishops to the Holy See. The nature of this nomination has been the occasion of much dispute. Is the Pope obliged to accept it? If so, his part in the transaction becomes merely nominal. Is the State bound to present nominations for a vacant diocese until a candidate acceptable to the Pope is found? If so, his Holiness exercises a formidable right of veto. In any case, the Pope may refuse consecration and leave the Bishops-elect without official sanction for their promotion. Practically, these ticklish questions have generally been avoided by a private conference, in which the State assured itself of the eligibility of its nominee. Under a bitterly anti-clerical government like that now ruling in France such an adjustment is difficult. M. Combes has chosen to force his candidates through, as a token of the jurisdiction of the State over the Church. He is ready to see the Papal Nuncio withdrawn from Paris, which would leave the Concordat without machinery for its enforcement. His action can hardly be taken as a mere dispute over nominations. It seems rather the first move in a more extensive campaign, the aim of which is the complete subordination of the Church to the State.

A series of articles in the *Berlingshe Tidende* of Copenhagen, discussing the proposed Scandinavian tariff union, show why such an arrangement could not be accepted by Denmark under any condition but that of practical free trade. Since 1863 only slight changes have been made in the Danish tariff, and all but one of these have been reductions. The principal industry of the country, agriculture, is wholly unprotected, and its unprecedented growth in recent years proves free trade to have been a tonic rather than a poison for this particular branch. Believing that what is good for one may be no less good for another, Danish agrarians are beginning to petition the Rigsdag for a tariff reform that would result in substantially reducing the tax upon all imports. They have learned the lesson which even our Western farmers are beginning to learn, that the unprotected interests contribute to the support of the favored. In 1888 the present high-tariff system was adopted by Sweden, and, nine years later, Norway followed suit. One of the results in both countries has been a rise in the price of most articles out of all proportion to the advance in wages. From 1897 to 1900, the Swedish exports to Norway fell from 21,000,000 kroner to 7,000,000, and the imports from 33,000,000 to 22,000,000, while the exports to Denmark rose from 43,000,000 kroner to 48,000,000, and the imports from Denmark from 49,000,000 to 63,000,000. A similar increase in the trade between Norway and Denmark appears. In view of these facts, it is not strange that Denmark is unwilling to enter the protection trap, all the more because the increase in the export of Danish agricultural products to England during the past nine years has ranged from a hundred per cent. on butter to four hundred per cent. on eggs. No protective country in Europe can show anything like the same growth in these industries.

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"THE INTERESTS OF CIVILIZATION."

In sending portions of the Panama correspondence to Congress, the Administration has not seen fit to give in full the notes of the Colombian Minister of Foreign Affairs. As we read them in the *Diario Oficial*, they contain several apposite and crushing rejoinders which, it is easy to imagine, the President and Secretary Hay might not care to make public. It may be right to learn from an enemy, but it is a little humiliating to learn your international law from an antagonist. It will be remembered that Mr. Roosevelt instructed Minister Beaupré to inform the Colombian Government that "the interests of civilization" required him to do as he had done at Panama. As to that, replied Minister Rico, if the United States denies Colombia her rights, "civilization will suffer a disaster incomparably greater than would be the temporary obstruction of transit across the Isthmus, since the peace and the very existence of nations depend principally upon the observance of public treaties."

This is not simply a shrewd return thrust. It is the statement of a truth of the first importance. Treaties and the safeguards of international law are, between countries, what the civil and criminal law is between individuals. To agree to abide by them, instead of doing every man what seemeth good in his own eyes, is the very beginning of civilization. Private vengeance is the symbol of barbarism. Orderly justice by established tribunals, set for the interpretation and applying of written laws, is everywhere accepted as the leading sign that a given country is civilized. That was the burden of President Roosevelt's letter, last summer, against lynching. Its worst feature was not its brutality, but its defiance of law. Defenders of lynching asserted that "the interests of civilization" required the summary and horrifying execution of certain miscreants. "Not so," said the President; "black as their crime may be, their lawful trial, with every legal right guaranteed, must be insisted upon if we are not to relapse into savagery."

International lynch-law, however, the President seems cheerfully to approve. In the Panama lynching, he put himself squarely alongside the Cossack. Russia announces that she will sacredly respect all treaties referring to Mantchuria so long as they do not run counter to her own interest. That is exactly what Mr. Roosevelt really signifies by his talk about the interests of civilization being superior to a treaty. He means his own idea of what those interests require. Just now it is a canal—and not merely a canal, but one made sure of before the Republican Convention. What it will be next, no man knows. That is why his lawless course at Panama has filled thoughtful men with alarm. A President who refuses carefully to inquire what the law is, and then to follow it scrupulously, may at any moment set the world on fire. International law is the great bulwark of peace between the nations. It assures the weak that the strong will not take unfair advantage of them. But if it is to be set aside contemptuously by a ruler at the head of a mighty people, no land can feels itself safe from a President who, like Pompey, acts at once as the executive and the subverter of law.

It is useless for the supporters of the Administration to pretend that its action at Panama was strictly in accord with the treaty of 1846. This is not a matter of abstract speculation. It is not as if the treaty had never been interpreted. This very Administration interpreted it in 1902, and did so in a way diametrically opposite to its interpretation in 1903. The proof is accessible. It lies in Senate Document No. 10, Fifty-eighth Congress, Special Session, which contains a part of the dispatches and instructions relating to the disturbances on the Isthmus in 1902. In its very forefront we have the statement by Capt. Reisinger, our senior naval officer present, asking directions from the Navy Department, but adding: "I am fully aware of the fact that by treaty and convention we are not supposed to take charge *until the Colombian Government* has announced its *inability to guard the road.*" That had been, in fact, the practice so invariably that Senator Foraker, in his blundering defence of the President the other day, actually took it for granted that the Colombians invited our marines ashore last November! Nothing of the kind occurred. The very Colombian troops which were on their way, for all we knew, to keep the transit open, we denied permission to land. Yet, only a year before, our Government had done the direct opposite. It assisted the Colombian Government to reassert control. It even rebuked Admiral Casey, by implication, for having gone too far and hurt the sensibilities of Colombia. No wonder that, with this record behind it, and so close behind it, the Administration should have boldly flung itself for justification, not upon the treaty, but upon "the interests of civilization."

That phrase has always been in the mouths of conquerors. Those of them who could not find, in statute or treaty, warrant for what they wanted to do, fell back upon an imagined public good. It is the mark of a lawless mind. Civilization as between nations moves forward just as it does among the inhabitants of any one of them. Vengeance is no longer glutted in private; the feud and the vendetta disappear; trial by ordeal gives way to trial by evidence; the law becomes the one refuge and arbiter. In a similar way has the sacredness of treaties and international law been built up. To throw scorn upon both now, as President Roosevelt has done by his treatment of Colombia, is, by so much, to plunge the nations back into the chaos and old night from which they have so painfully emerged. What the interests of civilization really require is that *his* lawless doctrines be repudiated.

NAVAL DISORGANIZATION.

A movement which will bear watching is on foot in Washington to induce Congress to create, by law, a General Staff for the navy. A circular has just been published through which the instigators seek to promote their ends, and which they have, we are told, placed in the hands of every Senator and every Representative. A copy of this *ex-parte* plea has reached us. It is made up of extracts from the message of President Roosevelt, from the annual report of the Secretary of the Navy, and from the annual report of the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation; of a flaming article by Rear-Admiral Luce; of a description of the plan and working of the Navy Department by Captain Mahan, taken from *Scribner's;* and of two memoranda, one by Admiral Dewey and the other by the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation.

The President's utterance contains the gist of the matter. "We need," he says, "the establishment by law of a body of trained officers who shall exercise a systematic control of the military affairs of the navy, and be authorized advisers of the Secretary concerning it." Parenthetically, we may remark, statement is not proof. What the President thinks is one thing; what the navy needs may be a very different matter. Secretary Moody states the problem in halting and academic fashion, although he appears to go as far as he dare on the side of disapproval. "It is not my purpose to recommend specifically at this time any of these proposals, but only to bring them forward for the earnest discussion and consideration which their importance deserves. Mere change is not reform, and none should be attempted until it appears clearly that conditions would be bettered thereby." The other advocates are enthusiastically in favor of a complete recasting of the organization of the Navy Department, and the practical subordination of the Secretary to a committee of officers over which he can exercise but scant control. The circular is a brief for those who urge a revolutionary shearing of the functions and powers of the constituted head of the navy. As ex-Secretary Long writes: "Under such circumstances the Secretary could hardly fail to lapse into a figurehead in the administration of the navy." No wonder that Mr. Moody extends but slight encouragement to the scheme.

We are tempted to inquire why no one

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comes forth, in strong and intelligent opposition, to point out the benefits which will accrue to these promoters as individuals. It might be asked whether the creation of a new office—that of vice-admiral—now lacking in the navy, is not part and parcel of the plan, and, if so, to what person the advanced rank and greater pay are supposed to be already promised. Another query is, why, with twenty-seven rear-admirals on the active list, more admirals should be necessary, and what other new shore employments with rich emoluments are contemplated. The present system, however faulty, brought the navy through the last war with name unsmirched. The Secretary would be wise to exhaust the authority now residing in him before creating a hideous monster to destroy him. It may be asserted positively that Mr. Moody has now in the General Board, the office of Naval Intelligencer and the Naval War College as much of a General Staff as he needs, and if he wishes more he can have it by a stroke of his pen. In this respect, there is no parallel with the condition of the army before the Spanish war. To call for legislation on the score which Admiral Luce speciously advances, that "these various war boards, under what name soever they may be known, . . . are illegal," is mere quibbling. Already the General Board, which is practically a General Staff, has been given powers of great extent; it threatens to usurp others of still wider scope, and has grown so large in the number of those who are employed directly and indirectly in its labors, and so catholic in its activities, as to cause the apprehension that the navy was made for the General Board rather than the General Board for the navy.

A defender of the existing organization, while admitting frankly that it needs mending in some ways, would demand of these agitators definite proof of the necessity of this proposed revolution in the Secretary's responsibilities and authority. All that they give us is vaporous allegations. We are entirely ready to concede that the Navy Department requires a change in its methods, now choking the navy by an excess of red tape and by an all-absorbing centralization which a legalized General Staff would doubtless aggravate rather than lessen.

We cannot agree with Admiral Dewey that "a General Staff is indispensable to the efficient and economical administration of the navy in the routine service of peace." The way to economize is to reduce the avalanche of paper work in the navy, not to increase it; and a board of officers appointed by the Secretary can formulate plans for naval campaigns just as the General Board is now supposedly doing. That the majority of naval officers are in favor of the proposed attempt to enlarge the number and power of their colleagues who settle in (or upon) Washington, is doubtful, to say the least. To take a stand for the whole service in opposition to the expressed desire of the President and against the special purpose of the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, the dispenser of assignments to duty, holding in his hands the distribution of departmental favor or disfavor, is not to be expected of a poor naval officer, who would unquestionably pay very dearly for his temerity. Unless some means can be devised to obtain a truthful expression of service public opinion, this scheme will pretend to embody what the navy wishes, and it will thus find acceptance with influential persons on grounds which may be true or which may be false.

If Congress were to amend any proposed draft of a bill creating a General Staff by two simple provisions—first, restricting the choice for a chief of staff, with or without the rank of vice-admiral, to those rear-admirals having at least four years to serve on the active list before retiring for age; and, secondly, prohibiting any officer whatever from having duty in Washington for more than six years before attaining flag rank, we venture to predict not only that the enthusiasm of the advocates of this measure would promptly wane, but also that it would be at once replaced by as active an antagonism.

ROOSEVELT OR HANNA?

Senator Hanna ought to be presented by his admirers with a 'Complete Letter-Writer.' He remarked sorrowfully on Friday that he had sent out two thousand letters denying that he was a candidate for the Presidency, and that he thinks that ought to settle it. Yet politicians go on working like beavers for his nomination, the rank and file of the party clamor for him, and the Republican Campaign Committee is overwhelmed with offers of large subscriptions in case Mr. Hanna is the candidate. All for lack of a convincing English style! It would seem so easy for the Senator to protest his undying loyalty to Roosevelt in an unmistakable way. But we see here one of the advantages of the professional literary man in politics. Mr. Hanna cannot make people believe that he is not seeking the Presidency; but if President Roosevelt were to write a letter expressing his conviction that the success of his party required his withdrawal, we are sure that his skill as a ready writer would leave even the wayfaring man in no doubt whatever.

The Hanna boom has plainly affected the nerves of the White House. A hypochondriac old gentleman residing there could be no more fidgety and apprehensive than appears the actual rugged and good-natured occupant. The cries of distress which he is emitting seem to be very bad tactics. Now, if ever, is the time for displaying the famous Rough-Rider coolness under fire. A most consuming desire for renomination should be better masked; to betray such an acutely nervous dread lest the prize be snatched by another, comports ill with the tradition of a dashing and imperturbable Roosevelt. Can this flurried official be our erstwhile contemner of the weakling?

It is impossible to avoid seeing the comic aspects of the Republican situation. What means this angry talk about "treachery," with which all the Administration organs are filled? Is the President the Government, and does opposition to his renomination brand one a traitor? Certainly, there seems to be some kind of lese-majesty involved, to account for the angers in celestial minds at Washington. By contrast, the attitude of Senator Hanna is dignity personified. Nome of these personal ambitions for him. Patriotism, the good of the party, are his watchwords. It is not his fault if thousands of Republicans are saying that Roosevelt cannot be elected, but that he himself can be. Is not the party free to choose? Mr. Hanna would have it understood that he is not a self-seeking candidate, whatever others may be. He has tried to stop the movement in his favor. If, nevertheless, it goes on, that may be a reflection upon the President's availability, but the Senator's withers are unwrung.

Another amusing feature of the flurry is the obvious fear of many Roosevelt supporters lest they may be laying their money on the wrong horse. Yes, they are for that gallant hero, the people's idol, the greatest, wisest—but, gracious Heavens! suppose the other man should win? It is all very fine to shout treachery, but no article stands higher in the political confession of faith than the avowal that treason successful is no longer treason. This consideration is one which the events of 1896 should have borne in upon the *Tribune*. At that time it was the traitor. Did it not basely abandon Platt and the State machine, then bitterly anti-McKinley, and strike hands with Mr. Hanna? That was treachery until Hanna elected his man, whereupon it became political foresight and a basis for recognition. No one, therefore, should be more chary than the *Tribune* in hurling about charges of treason to Roosevelt.

In all seriousness, the movement to nominate Mr. Hanna, if possible, is now unconcealed. Every day's news reveals the sappers and miners at work. The Hanna men announced on Saturday that they were in control of the Indiana State Committee. In St. Louis, the *Star* flops from Roosevelt to Hanna. These effects defective come by cause. Politicians do not take their political lives in their hands without a hint from the higher

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powers. The Hanna campaign for the nomination is fairly on, and it may easily prove formidable. Its strength to-day is in its very secrecy and subterranean manipulation. The method is astutely chosen. Were the Senator to come boldly out into the open and fling down his gauntlet, the President would promptly pick it up, issue a clarion appeal to his friends, and seek glory or the grave in war. But how can he fight a fellow in the cellarage who denies that he means to fight at all? The obscurity of the situation is doubtless one of the things which most fret the President. He uttered a loud amen when a visitor said the other day that it was to be wished that Senator Hanna would either "fish or cut bait." But the shrewd Ohio man will probably maintain for a time his ambiguous position. To abandon it would weaken him; to remain in it both bothers and handicaps Mr. Roosevelt.

Incidentally, the immaculate Mr. Perry Heath dropped an interesting hint on Sunday as to the nature of Hanna's strength and the validity of his candidacy. Ten railroad presidents, out of fifteen seeking obscurity at the Waldorf-Astoria, had promised Hanna their unqualified support. This was said with the air of "Poll me the railroad presidents of a country and I care not who casts its votes." It was a striking intimation that Hanna is the candidate of commercialism, impregnable among those who have most to gain from special favors, most to fear from the impartial enforcement of the laws. Nobody who has seriously considered the political situation imagines that Hanna can conquer in the name of capitalism, but the frank citation of the railroad presidents showed where his trust is lodged. Even more significant was Mr. Heath's description of Mr. Hanna's helplessness before friends who urge him to stop making Presidents and be President himself. Hanna, says Heath, cannot turn and brain these tempters with a baseball bat; he must speak them kindly. As to this matter, opinions will differ. In the past, unwilling candidates have managed to make their resolution known without resorting to a baseball bat. But if Senator Hanna is indeed determined not to run, he will never find a fairer mark for the baseball bat than the devoted but indiscreet head of Perry Heath has just afforded. That the secretary of the Republican National Committee is blatantly campaigning for Hanna—and unrebuked—is a fact too significant to be explained away by those who think Hanna is "out of it"; and very ominous to all who think Mr. Heath should be out of the secretaryship.

VOLUNTARY PUBLICITY.

The President of the Sugar Trust declined last week, with some asperity, to give the public information about his business. Now, it is sometimes the case with virtue as with greatness: some are born virtuous, some achieve virtue, and some have it thrust upon them. Yet, say what one will about the United States Steel Corporation, the publicity of its accounting is a high virtue. When this vast corporation was formed it was considered one of the most astonishing departures in the entire history of trade. It was believed to represent the Trust mania carried to its extreme limit. Nevertheless, no sooner was it in operation than it began to print very complete quarterly statements of its condition, placing itself in this respect on the same basis as the railroads. It was a remarkable precedent. The public had no reason to expect such frankness. The popular idea of an industrial combine was a blind pool—the Amalgamated Copper Company was a flagrant example; but regarding no Trust was much knowledge of an official character obtainable. To be sure, it was believed by some that the virtue displayed by the Steel Trust sprang from an ulterior motive. In order to make the common stock active, the early declaration of dividends was desirable; but it was necessary to justify this course—hence the publication of earnings.

The earnings may or may not cease to be given out. This, however, can be said: the policy of publicity having once been adopted by the Steel Trust, it can never be abandoned without gravely impairing the prestige of the concern. It may be that the virtue of this conporation in the matter of publicity has been merely accidental. None the less, it has created a standard to which other corporations will gradually have to conform. The Steel Trust may reverse its practice; it may be managed hereafter by men who will employ the old blind-pool methods of the Standard Oil enterprises. But it has shown what excellent results can be attained by a policy of voluntary publicity. The Steel Trust has had a position in the stock market which few Trusts have been able to acquire. Its stock has been widely distributed, whereas most of the industrial combines have found it practically impossible to get their common stocks out of the hands of the promoters and underwriters. People are not such fools as many suppose. They exercise some discretion in going into a blind pool. Glance a moment at the most notorious instances of this sort—the Standard Oil, the American Sugar Refineries, and the Amalgamated Copper Companies. The public did not get into the first until it had demonstrated its safety beyond all reasonable doubt, and the same can practically be said of the second. Besides, both the Standard Oil Company and the Sugar Trust were formed long before the recent Trust period. The speculative character of the Sugar Trust was not ignored in the late eighties and early nineties, but a concern that went on year after year paying big dividends on its common stock was pretty sure to find its securities regarded as a sound investment eventually. The public unquestionably went into the Amalgamated Copper deal in very large numbers and lost heavily; but this was because the project was engineered by men whose names were regarded as a guarantee of success.

It is practically true that the investing public have let the Trusts alone because of the lack of knowledge of their affairs. If this was the case in the heyday of the combines, it will be still more so in the future. And yet investors would have been glad to buy the Trust securities if they could have done so with their eyes open. Those of them who actually bought into the blind pools acted in accordance with a tendency which has long been noted. The great increase in the wealth of the nation has necessitated a broadening of the securities market. The Trust movement of 1897-1902 was a rash attempt to satisfy a felt need. The railroad reorganization movement which followed the panic of 1893 had so strengthened the position of a vast amount of securities as to drive them into strong-boxes, leaving the floating supply inadequate to absorb the rapidly increasing wealth occasioned by the repeated good harvests and the improved industrial situation. Demand was so far in excess of supply that the idea got abroad that almost anything would sell, and Trust promoters did not feel called upon to scrutinize their own methods too closely. But this was a mistake; the investing public, for the most part, continued to ask what sort of things they were buying.

Many causes have contributed to the industrial Trust movement, but one of the strongest has been the necessity of centralizing capital in a way to admit of large issues of securities against the manufacturing business of the nation. The crude attempts made in the last six or seven years in this direction do not of themselves vitiate the movement. The mistake was made of supposing that "water" would do as well as real value. The water is still being squeezed out; but the most paradoxical feature of the whole situation is that the Trust which broke every record known to mankind in the matter of industrial capitalization, was also a pioneer in the one point essential to the real diffusion of industrial securities. Industrial corporations can have no solid standing in the stock market without publicity of accounts. The demand for such securities is bound to increase very fast. The public must have them; and if the corporations do not voluntarily publish periodic statements of earnings and balance sheets, a movement to compel them to do so will be pretty sure to assert itself.

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"FROM A SMALL GARRISON."

Out of a small garrison, Forbach, in Alsace-Lorraine, has come a book from the pen of a Prussian officer, Lieut. Bilse, which, by its gloomy pictures of decadent military life as seen in a frontier town, has stirred Germany from end to end. By those opposed to militarism, it has been hailed as a veritable 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' By most defenders of the Prussian army, it has been indignantly denounced as a gross libel. But it gave rise to one of the most brilliant Reichstag debates of recent years, in which Chancellor Bülow locked horns with Bebel, and the new Minister of War, Gen. von Einem, made his début in defence of the army. "When I had read that book," said the Minister, "I threw it aside with disgust, and declared it disgraceful that a Prussian officer should have written it." Later he announced: "A second Forbach is not possible in the Prussian army."

But that there was one Forbach and that it was truthfully described, Gen. von Einem has admitted more than once. Why else should every officer in the Forbach battalion save three have been immediately cashiered, transferred or otherwise punished? Why else should the Minister have publicly placed the blame upon the commanding officer for the conditions described? Why else should he hasten to explain that such rottenness exists nowhere else in the army? Yet, while thus confessing the truth of the picture painted by Lieut. Bilse, he sent that officer to a fortress prison for a year, dismissed him from the service for violating army regulations and disseminating slanders, and brought about the confiscation of the offending book. Such gratitude for truth-telling is, of course, characteristic of the despotic system at which Lieut. Bilse's criticisms were aimed. The very suppression of his volume enormously increased the demand for it, so that the publishing-house in Vienna which is now printing it cannot begin to supply the demand from all quarters of the globe.

Yet Lieut. Bilse is neither a Social Democrat nor one opposed to militarism *per se*. His is essentially the work of a man who loves his profession, and who would abate certain evils which he attributes to exceptional conditions and to the results of a thirty years' peace. Apart from his sad chronicle of the habitual drunkenness of his fellow-officers, of their lack of professional zeal, of their adultery and immorality as being due to the laxity of an inefficient commander, the book is essentially a tract written with so much earnestness and feeling as to engage the reader's sympathy. Lieut. Bilse's two most attractive characters are the best officers in the regiment, yet both of these are forced to resign, one because he was unjustly denied promotion, the other because of an indiscretion which involved no wrong-doing. It is into the mouths of these men that Lieut. Bilse has put his suggestions for army reform.

One of them, Capt. König, would have the War Office energetically oppose the luxurious methods of life which lead so many officers to destruction. He would have the officers consider themselves less a class by themselves, ranked by divine right above all civilians, and more the servants of the people, chosen to teach the young men of the nation for periods of one to two years. Capt. König would make the service so attractive that every soldier would leave it with regret, while more patriotic, more devoted to his sovereign than ever before, instead of, as so often nowadays, a ready recruit for the Social Democracy. Surely, Gen. von Einem cannot take exception to such sentiments as these.

In order to show more clearly how the ordinary soldier is made receptive of the doctrines of the Social Democrats, Lieut. Bilse rather awkwardly interjects into his narrative the story of a faithful non-commissioned officer of nine years' service, who, because of false accusations and official red tape, is degraded and imprisoned, and then turned out into the world without a cent, to make his way as best he can. This man prospers, and in due time appears on the platform as one of the ablest of the Social-Democratic leaders. A private who is denied coal for his barracks room by a bickering sergeant dies of pneumonia. Another is scarred and maimed for life by being pushed against a kicking horse by the same sergeant. Another deserts after being repeatedly struck and abused by the lieutenant whose servant he was. That these are altogether exceptional cases even Gen. von Einem could not allege. A week earlier there was tried and sentenced Sergeant Breidenbach for more than one thousand specified cruelties to subordinates. His immediate superior, Lieut. von Hellermann, is now serving a sentence of three months' confinement to his quarters. The War Minister roundly denounced such wrongdoing, but he condoned the "harmless box on the ear" which is the usual beginning of such excesses of authority.

All in all, the success of 'From a Small Garrison' must be attributed not so much to the book itself as to its having touched responsive chords among the people. Every German citizen is more or less familiar with some of the evils Bilse has portrayed. There may have been, and probably was, a little more immorality and drunkenness in Forbach than in Mainz or Heidelberg or larger garrisons, but the destructive and demoralizing tendencies exist in the larger towns, and will remain there because they are inherent in the military system. And this the German people are gradually coming to realize in greater and greater numbers, in large part owing to the propaganda of the Social Democracy. They are beginning to tire seriously of the drain upon the country's resources because of so great an army, and they are giving up their sons less willingly than heretofore to two years of unproductive labor. But there must needs appear more than one tract similar to Lieut. Bilse's before the truth strikes home.

NEW LIGHT ON THE CONSTITUTION

The Constitution of the United States is no longer regarded in the light of a fetish, by either politicians, statesmen, or students of history. Politicians and statesmen, it is charged, either do not regard it at all, or tell us that it must be "adapted" to changing conditions. Historians, on the other hand, are turning to the Constitution with new interest, though their point of view is widely different from that of the practical statesman. Of mere laudation there has been quite enough, and the modern student approaches the Constitution as a critic, destroying if he must, reconstructing where he can. One lesson is by now fairly well learned: the Constitution is no mere "creation," but is an adaptation of institutions that had long been familiar to its framers. As yet there has been little textual criticism, though there is clearly recognizable a tendency in that direction. For exact and valuable criticism of this sort students are indebted to no one more than to Prof. John Franklin Jameson, whose recent 'Studies in the History of the Federal Convention of 1787' has been reprinted from the report of the Historical Association for 1902. There are eleven studies, covering only seventy-eight pages in all. The first three deal with the letters from members of the Convention; the last three are bibliographical. Studies iv. to viii., inclusive, deal critically with the various "plans" out of which the Constitution was finally fashioned. It is these five studies which give high value to the series; their value, indeed, is out of all proportion to the modest claims made for them by their author, and it may be well to call special attention to them before they are finally interred in that grave of respectable dull things, the Association Reports.

The Virginia plan, presented to the Convention by Gov. Randolph, is taken up first. There remain to us four different texts of this plan. All of them are copies, and none of them, in the opinion of Professor Jameson, reproduces exactly the original. Slight variations would, of course, inevitably appear in copies, which, we may assume, were made rather hastily. But another, more serious source of variation is ordinarily overlooked. The texts which we have were made from copies that members of the Convention made in their own hand for their own use. They were not thinking about keeping their copies intact for future historians, and, consequently, "there would always be much chance that a member, following the progress of debate and conclusion with his paper before him, should interline it with some of the additions or amendments which were successively resolved upon, and that these should creep undistinguished into some fair copy which he might subsequently make" (p. 105). Prof. Jameson is able to show clearly enough, by reference to the Journal of the Commit-

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tee of the Whole for June 4 and 5, that some important variations in resolutions six and nine of the Madison text were made in this way, and the original ninth resolution he has been able satisfactorily to reconstruct.

The fifth study is a new and successful attempt to reconstruct the plan presented by Charles Pinckney. The history of the document sent by Pinckney to John Quincy Adams in 1818, and published in the journals in 1819 as the "Pinckney plan," is well known. Its resemblance to the report of the Committee on Detail was so close as, à priori, to raise suspicion. It was almost immediately discredited by competent judges, and since 1840 it has several times been proved to be anything but the original Pinckney plan. Professor Jameson reviews in his clear and telling style the evidence against the authenticity of the document, and then proceeds to reconstruct in outline the plan which Pinckney actually presented. The conclusion is, that Pinckney's plan closely resembled the Virginia plan, though it gave more attention to the executive and judicial departments, and added some new features, like the provision for a council of revision, from the New York Constitution. Confirmatory evidence from three independent sources is presented to bear out these conclusions. First, anything advocated by Pinckney, early in the Convention, against the general opinion may be assumed to be part of his plan. Second, a letter from Read to Dickinson, May 21, describes a plan that can only have been Pinckney's. Third, the 'Observations,' published by Pinckney shortly after adjournment, whether ever actually delivered in the Convention or not (Professor Jameson thinks they were not), cannot differ widely from the plan which he presented. The evidence gathered from these three independent sources makes it quite clear that the plan which Pinckney sent to Adams in 1818 was not the original plan at all.

What, then, was it? Professor Jameson's reply to this question is as discreet as it is suggestive: "It is not possible to say that Pinckney answered Adams's request by setting down and copying the printed report of the Committee on Detail, paraphrasing to a small extent here and there, and interweaving as he went along some of the best remembered features of his own plan. But it is possible to declare that if he had done this the result would have been precisely like that which in fact he sent to Washington" (p. 124). This admirable distinction does not hide the fact that Pinckney, however he may have arrived at his results, was more interested in making it appear that the Committee of Detail got most of its thunder from him than he was in furnishing Adams with an exact copy of his original plan. The supposition that the report of the Committee on Detail was copied from Pinckney's plan, rather than vice versa, is conclusively disproved by Professor Jameson. We cannot go into the question here; those who still doubt (or still believe) are referred to the Studies direct.

When this reconstruction of Pinckney's plan was all but completed, the author came across a manuscript containing a copy of considerable portions of the plan itself. This manuscript was James Wilson's rough draft for the Committee on Detail, in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, published as number viii. of these Studies. That we have here portions of the long-lost Pinckney plan, Professor Jameson has no difficulty in showing; so far as it goes, it confirms in every respect his own previously worked-out conclusions. But it does more than that: it shows that, contrary to the general belief, Pinckney's plan was used by the Committee on Detail, and it is now possible to refer to precise clauses which were incorporated into the report of that committee. The conclusion of Professor Jameson is apt: "As a maker of the Constitution, Charles Pinckney evidently deserves to stand higher than he has stood of late years, and . . . he would have a better chance of doing so if, in his old age, he had not claimed so much."

Studies vi. and vii. deal critically with the New Jersey plan and the outline of Hamilton. Of the former there are four texts, but it is impossible to reconstruct the original with certainty. Professor Jameson has, nevertheless, brought to light two important manuscripts, preserved in the Paterson papers, which are shown to represent preliminary stages in the elaboration of the plan in question. The eight texts of Hamilton's outline are treated in the same careful manner, and, in spite of the fact that Hamilton's own copy has been preserved, there is no sufficient evidence "for declaring with confidence that any one of the variant texts represents exactly the original document which was brought before the Convention."

Certainly Professor Jameson has placed all students of American history under obligations for these excellent studies.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY.

LONDON, January 2, 1904.

It is long since the Royal Academy of Arts has had to face such severe and sustained criticism as during the last year or so. Its schools have been declared inefficient, its summer exhibition a farce, its choice of members an insult to art, its administration of the Chantrey Bequest a swindle. Some concessions, already, the Academy has felt compelled to grant. It has introduced certain innovations into its schools, it has changed the rules in regard to the submission of work both by Academicians and by outsiders for its annual show. But where concession would mean confession of hopeless inability, it has "sat tight," with the perseverance characteristic of its methods. No defence has been offered to the attacks upon the manner in which money, left by Chantrey for the purchase of works of art "of the highest merit," has been squandered on popular "pictures of the year" that happened to be by Academicians or their friends, until the Chantrey collection in the Tate Gallery has become a reproach to every intelligent artist and art-lover. Indeed, to leave no doubt as to their attitude, those Academicians who hold the Trusteeship because of their official rank made, if anything, a feebler selection than usual last spring, when the attack was just beginning in several influential papers; and I do not think that anybody has ever been given such practical proof that art has little to do with the election of Academicians as in the Winter Exhibition for 1904 that has just opened. Let me explain.

This exhibition is supposed to be, and as a rule is, one of Old Masters. But it is now a fairly well-established tradition that, when the occasion presents itself, space should be reserved for the work of Academicians who have died within the past twelvemonth, or, at least, since the organization of the show of the preceding winter. When this led to the exhibition of Millais or Leighton, there seemed some justification for such a reservation. There was a period in Millais's career when he came very near developing into a master in every sense of the word; Leighton, indifferent painter as he might be, or rather was, had large ideas of the dignity of art. His work, as his admirers never ceased to urge, seldom failed in scholarship. It was learned, which is something when beauty is so rare. But take the three men who, owing to the chance of death, this year receive the honor of special representation. They are H. T. Wells, T. Sidney Cooper, J. C. Horsley, whose names, I fancy, are unknown in America, or, for that matter, anywhere outside of Great Britain. Horsley did make quite a reputation for himself, and about ten or fifteen years ago, was very prominently before the British public. But it was not due to his painting, Royal Academician though he was; it was simply because of his energetic protest against the nude in art—a protest that went straight to the heart of the British Mrs. Grundy. I really had forgotten what manner of picture he manufactured until I came into the room where several have been hung. He was a painter of the anecdote, domestic or historic as the case might be—now a little story of "Mary, Queen of Scots, in Captivity," now of "Rent Day at Haddon Hall," or again of "The New Dress"; each and all in appropriate costume. It was not his fault, perhaps; it simply happened that anecdote was what was expected of the painter when he began to work.

Sidney Cooper, no doubt, was known better and more widely. He found his subjects in cattle and sheep, and he became in the end quite a conspicuous personage because of his vigor and industry in a patriarchal old age. In reports of the Academy, the critic loved to write and the public loved to read of the "veteran" Sidney Cooper, the "doyen" of the Academy, and so on. The few pictures included in the present show explain that he must have first made his mark by his patient and painstaking study of the Dutch painters of similar themes, of men like Verboekhoven.

Wells, it seems to me, must have had more in him at the start than either of the other two. I was surprised when I came upon a fairly large "Portrait Group" by him, dated 1861-62. The faces of the four people gathered about the dinner-table, upon which the cloth is still spread, the fruit and glasses not yet removed, have little character, it is true. But some of the detail —the white cloth, the white gown of the one woman, the oranges, the delicate tint of the glasses—is all excellently rendered, while there is something in the conception and arrangement of the whole group that makes me wonder if Wells did not come for a time under the influence of Fantin-Latour and some of the younger men then working in Paris. But if he did, he profited so little

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that less than ten years later he was painting a huge portrait of Hatherley, the Lord Chancellor, in his official robes at an official function, that is as dull and wooden and perfunctory as the great British public could desire.

Now the work of these three men being, as it is, completely insignificant, it might be useless to mention it at all were it not for the impossibility of going into the room which it fills without remembering that during the last twelvemonth a painter who was really a master has also died in London, and that for him there is now no space on the Academy walls. That Wells, Cooper, and Horsley were Academicians, while Whistler never received official recognition, demonstrates better than almost anything I could write the absolute failure of the Royal Academy as an institution representing all that is greatest and finest in the art of men working in the country that supports it. It is said that the Academicians did intend to pay Whistler after death the tribute they had denied him during his lifetime. The rumor also is that they were refused in the quarters to which they applied for his work. It is as well. His absence is really his most eloquent justification.

Evidently, Academicians have felt that the three painters for whom they have been obliged to find a place among the masters do not figure altogether to their credit; and so they have given still more special prominence to one of their former presidents, Sir Thomas Lawrence. I am not sure if so many portraits by Lawrence have ever been gathered together before. Certainly, I have never seen so large and representative a collection. But I hardly think that Lawrence gains by this sort of "one-man" show. He was an extremely accomplished painter; of that there can be no question. He was the last of a great school; he inherited a fine tradition, which exercised some restraint upon him even at his worst, though he did a great deal to belittle it before handing it down, in turn, to his successors. He was an excellent draughtsman, if at times he did do extraordinary things in the way of bad drawing; and his technical command was masterly enough to win him the recognition of the French, who, for long, knew no other English painters than Lawrence and Constable. But with the fine tradition there had come also to Lawrence that tendency to the artificial, the affected, which was always characteristic of English portraits from the time Van Dyck was summoned to England to paint them. Van Dyck reduced his method to a formula. Even now, at the Academy, one of his portraits of Henrietta Maria, hanging between a simple Dutch matron by Rembrandt and the "Juan de Pareja" of Velasquez, reminds one how essentially conventional was his way of looking at the people he painted, compared to the fine realism of the Dutch and Spanish masters. Lely and Kneller, with their simpering shepherdesses and posing cavaliers, exaggerated the formula almost to an absurdity. Even Reynolds could not escape, but hovered perilously near the ridiculous when he made his sitters figure in allegories and myths, and gave to his little girls and boys the sweetness that has been such a snare for modern painters far less great than he. And it was this sort of sentiment or sweetness that Lawrence, living in a sentimental age and himself a sentimentalist, carried to excess. When only one of his pictures is seen, his very artificiality, his aggressive affectations, may seem amusing. But when, as now, it is found repeated in portrait after portrait, it becomes cloying and tedious to the last degree.

The test to which he is submitted at the Academy is by no means an unfair one. Many of his most famous and popular pictures are included: the "Miss Farren" that has been so often engraved; groups like "Countess Gower and Child," "Lady Acland and Children," to which the engraver Samuel Cousins gave such wide popularity; the attitudinizing "Master Lambton"; the large portraits of Pius VII. and Cardinal Consalvi, painted for the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor and now lent by the King; and as many more no less well known. In most of these he seems simply possessed by a demon of prettiness; not only in his children, where there might seem more excuse for upturned eyes, sham pathos, self-conscious posing—all the more artificial in the case of a series of the children of the Abercorn family because of their delightfully absurd "sun-ray" frames; but the same sweetness or sentiment runs riot in his women, in his men. His own portrait, though one of the best shown, is full of it; so is the "Benjamin Gott, Esq.," the "Hon. Berkeley Thomas Paget," even the Pope and Cardinal.

Lawrence, again, had a very fine sense neither of color nor of composition. He did not seem able to scrape his palette clean of the hot, sharp red that appears in one picture after another, now in a curtain, now in a chair, now in a bit of drapery, now in a space of sky or glimpse of landscape. Nor could he get the broad simplicity and quiet dignity that Van Dyck, for instance, gave to a background, though the materials are the same. How ugly the lines made by the curtain that opens behind the throne of Pius, and how confused the architecture seen beyond; how the accessories in the portrait of the Cardinal distract from the interest of the figure, already none too interesting in itself! And yet these are two of his most celebrated pictures. What a weakling Pius would seem by the side of Velasquez's Julius; how little Consalvi could hold his own with one of Holbein's simplest ecclesiastics, or of Reynolds's statesmen—for example, the portrait of Charles James Fox as a young man, in the same gallery. Really, the most satisfactory Lawrence is the "Miss Farren." It is curious that here, where there might have been some reason for the theatrical, nothing could be simpler. The tall, graceful woman in white, holding her cloak at the neck with one hand, while the other drops at her side as if from the delicate weight of the large feather fan it clasps, seems about to step across the canvas, and is delightfully placed against a broad, open landscape and wide space of blue sky. There is very subtle, very tender rendering of textures in the white satin of the cloak, the white clinging muslin of the gown, the gray feathers of the fan. The lines are free and flowing, the whole picture full of charm, the exception that will not disappoint those who have hitherto seen it only in the many prints. And yet, I believe it is one of Lawrence's earliest works, done before he had become so distressingly the fashion. Several drawings by him, two or three being notes for the pictures, are also shown. Altogether, there has not been, at all events in recent years, such an excellent opportunity to study the work of one of the few distinguished artists who have succeeded Reynolds as President of the Academy. As if to prevent the public from falling into the error of supposing that all were as distinguished, a number of pictures by Sir Francis Grant are hung with the Lawrences. They would seem more at home in the Summer Exhibition.

The rest of the collection is rather a medley. Apparently Academicians feel it incumbent upon them to provide the Morellian with his opportunity for attributions, and, accordingly, a room is filled, more or less, with early Flemish and Italian masters. There is nothing very notable, though one or two marvellous little studies of detail by Flemings, known and unknown, one or two decorative Madonnas by Florentines, and a beautiful "Young Man with Hand on Skull," attributed to Giorgione, will remain the fine or charming things they are, no matter by what other names they may be labelled before the exhibition closes. There is also a dignified series of Van Dycks, including the stately "Lord John and Lord Bernard Stuart." The only Rembrandt and Velasquez are the two I have mentioned. A few Venetians are scattered here and there. Reynolds, Romney, and Raeburn have a place, though not a very prominent one, and there are at least two landscapes that interested me—or perhaps I should say three, and include Hobbema's "On the Road to Scheveningen," that has something of the large impressive composition of the National Gallery picture. Of the other two, one is a "View of Verona," by Canaletto, admirably put together; the Adige, between its white houses, leading up to the Castel San Pietro on its little hill, and, above, the Italian sky, spacious and serene. The other is a rocky, barren Spanish valley, with the Escorial set down in its midst, attributed to Rubens in the catalogue, though immediately afterwards a note explains that Rubens asserted the picture to be by Verhuist. There is certainly little in it to suggest Rubens, and as a landscape it is of no particular importance; but as a topographical record made at an early date in the history of the Escorial, it has its value. Despite the exceptions, the series of Old Masters, as a whole, has often been surpassed in previous years.

The fact is, Academicians have tried to do too much. In addition to the three painters to whom I have referred, they have also undertaken to honor two other of their recent fellow-members, the sculptors Onslow Ford and Harry Bates. Neither is shown to advantage, while both are overshadowed by the large collection of bronzes, chiefly Italian of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, arranged in the same room. These, lent by several collectors, add to the confusion of an exhibition in which unity has been as completely disregarded as on the walls of the summer show.

N. N.

THE CHEVALIER DE LIMOËLAN.

PARIS, December 30, 1903.

M. Lenotre is incessant in his researches in the mysterious domains of the French Revolution. He goes down into the lowest

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parts of the crypts of history, shows us many curious characters who either are forgotten or have always escaped notice. The earnestness of his work and its melodramatic character have won him the favor of the public. It is pleasing to leave the great stage of history and to enter the dark *coulisse*. There is also a highly philosophical side in this author's reconstruction of despised or forgotten characters. Lenotre shows us, perhaps unconsciously, the complex character of human nature. The humble heroes, the criminal figures that he depicts, reveal this extraordinary complexity, which probably becomes more apparent in revolutionary times, when life ceases to have a calm and natural flow.

The last character he has drawn out of a deep shadow is a certain Breton gentleman, the Chevalier Limoëlan.

"The chevalier," he says, "was one of those noblemen who, from their twentieth year, thrown into the Breton *chouannerie*, led the adventurous life of partisans, knew sleepless nights, in winter without a roof, proscribed, hunted, outlawed, and who became brigands. He made war against the *Bleus*, attacked the diligences—a sport which was in high favor in the time of the Directory—and conspired, like everybody else."

After the pacification of the Vendée, he affected to admire Bonaparte, the First Consul, and to long for a quiet life. He lived with very pious relations, and became engaged to a young lady of Versailles, whom he intended to marry as soon as his name was erased from the terrible list of the *émigrés*. He wrote to the Minister of Police on the 3d of December, 1800:

"Though I have not been treated in such a way as to enable me to have confidence in the Government, since I have not yet been erased from the list of the proscribed, as was positively promised me, I am not so mad as not to recognize its strength and consequently conspire against it. I assure you, Citizen Minister, that my sole aspiration is for absolute tranquillity, and that I remain in Paris only because I am afraid I should not have peace in Brittany."

Limoëlan had, however, another object: he had come to Paris to make an attempt on the First Consul. The Royalists for a little while had some hope that Bonaparte would become a Monk. They had been obliged to abandon that hope, and had come to look upon him as their most dangerous enemy. The Chevalier found an accomplice in an old companion-in-arms in Brittany, named Saint-Réjant. They had at their service an elderly Chouan, named Carbon, who had been valet to Limoëlan. They thought at first of attacking Bonaparte in the neighborhood of Malmaison, but the Consul was always surrounded by a strong escort. They thought of blowing him up in his carriage in Paris, when he was on the way from the Tuileries to the theatre. Dynamite was not yet invented, and they had recourse to common gunpowder. They filled a cask with it, and placed it on a common cart. On the 22d of December Limoëlan, Carbon, and Saint-Réjant, dressed like common carters, with blue blouses, conducted the heavy cart from the Rue St. Martin to the Rue Neuve-Égalité (Rue d'Aboukir). Carbon there left his companions, and two men, who remain unknown, helped Limoëlan and Saint-Réjant as far as the Place du Carrousel.

The Carrousel was still, at that time, very irregular, and was half covered with houses, which disappeared only during the Second Empire. The First Consul was to go that evening to the Opera, to hear Haydn's oratorio, "Saul"; the performance was to begin at eight. Only Limoëlan and Saint-Réjant remained with the cart; they had two hours to wait. Limoëlan posted himself at the corner of the Carrousel in order to advise his companion of the Consul's arrival. Saint-Réjant, pipe in mouth, charged himself with setting fire at the proper moment to a tinder fuse, which was to burn some seconds before the explosion—long enough to give him time to run and seek shelter in the Rue de Malte.

"The moment approaches," says Lenotre. "Saint-Réjant turns the horse and places him so that the cart shall occupy half the street; he offers twelve sous to a little girl, thirteen or fourteen years old, to hold the horse's head a moment. The child accepts. They have to wait a few minutes more. Eight o'clock strikes; the cavalry escort comes out of the Court of the Tuileries. Saint-Réjant watches for the signal which Limoëlan is to give. . . . But Limoëlan does not move. Already the grenadiers of the Guard approach at a high trot, are lost in the Rue Sainte-Nicaise. Saint-Réjant, surprised, takes the fuse and applies his burning pipe."

What happened after the explosion? None of the witnesses in the trial which followed could exactly tell. The detonation was fearful; all the houses in the neighborhood fell. The carriage of the First Consul was already at a distance; it simply shook with the commotion of the air, as did all the horsemen, who felt themselves lifted from their saddles. The cart, the horse, the little girl had disappeared; the Apollo Café, to which the wounded and the dead were transported, presented a scene of carnage.

For a whole month Fouché's police made vain endeavors to find the instigators and the actors in the plot. Were they Jacobins? Were they Royalists? At last the police found traces of Saint-Réjant. He had been blown by the explosion under a door of the Louvre; he ran, almost unconscious, to the Pont Royal, made a bundle of his blouse, which he threw into the river, and went by a roundabout way to the room which he occupied in the Rue des Prouvaires. He was very ill, and was spitting blood. The next day he took refuge in the Rue d'Aguesseau, in the house of a Citoyenne Jourdan. There he received, by the hands of two nuns, five hundred francs on the part of M. de Limoëlan. Carbon found another refuge in a house where lived a Mlle. de Cicé, an elderly nun who was, so to speak, under the guidance of Father de Clorivière, an uncle of M. de Limoëlan, a Jesuit, whose ambition was, under the Republic, to reconstitute the Society of Jesus, and who remained in Paris during the worst days of the Terror. The house of Mlle. de Cicé was a sort of cloister; the monastic life did not please Carbon; he left the convent on the 18th of January, and was arrested in the evening of that day. A week afterwards, the police found Saint-Réjant, who was wandering without any asylum. The examination of Mlle. de Cicé, and of various women living with her, proved that Limoëlan was the principal instigator of the plot.

"Mlle. de Cicé was heroic. She undoubtedly knew the retreat of the young Chouan; she knew at least where was hidden Father de Clorivière, who was never discovered, and of whom she was the devout and faithful servant. Several louis had been found in her room, wrapped in a paper on which was written, 'Argent de ces Messieurs.' What Messieurs? The Royalists? The conspirators? She would say nothing; she tired the patience, the cleverness, the tenacity of Réal, of Limodin and Desmarets, the able acolytes of Fouché. . . . Fouché was reduced to letting it be known he had agents in all the camps, that he would spare the life of Limoëlan if he consented to see him. Limoëlan sent him an answer, by Bourmont, it is said, that he had no confidence in the minister."

Carbon and Saint-Réjant were condemned to capital punishment on the 1st of April. Meanwhile, Limoëlan was hiding in the abandoned crypt of the Church of Saint-Laurent; he remained there four months, when he succeeded in leaving Paris and regained Brittany. Curiously enough, his crime had transformed him; he had always been pious, he became a mystic. Lenotre will have it that remorse entered his soul at the very moment of the execution of his plot; he never gave the signal which he was to give to his accomplice.

On his arrival in Brittany he learned that his fiancée had made a vow to become a nun if he escaped the scaffold. She had just taken the veil. He booked as a common sailor on a merchant ship, and lived some time in New York under the name of Guitey, painting portraits which probably still exist. In 1806, we find him in Savannah, afterwards in Baltimore, where he entered the seminary of the Sulpicians of Sainte-Marie, to find a retreat. He wrote to his sister, Madame de Chappedelaine: "All my past views seem to be now very petty, and I have never so much regretted the time that I have lost." He added: "I will answer the wishes of my uncle, so often addressed to Heaven. I have been slow to express my gratitude for an almost miraculous preservation. . . . You know what I mean."

His letters were infrequent, and the English cruisers often stopped the ships coming from America. In the United States, people were quite ignorant of his identity and of the part which he had played. At the Seminary in Baltimore he was known under the name of Clorivière. Some people believed that he was a Bourbon prince, miraculously escaped from the prison of Bonaparte. He never spoke about the past, but wore the cross of Saint Louis, which, he said, had been sent to him in 1800 by the brother of Louis XVI. He was ordained a priest on the 1st of August, 1812, and Archbishop Carroll of Baltimore made him curate of Charleston. He was not well received there by the populace, which was imbued with revolutionary ideas. He was looked upon as a Royalist *émigré*, and his situation was so painful that he was tempted to return to France after the Restoration of the Bourbons. He had already taken passage for Havre when a pious person begged him to remain and to assume the direction of the Sisters of the Visitation at Georgetown. He accepted the offer; the Sisters looked upon Father de Clorivière as a saint and a martyr. He never saw France again, and died in October, 1826.

Correspondence.

THE PETRARCH MONUMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Next July, Italy celebrates the 600th anniversary of the birth of Petrarch, and

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Arezzo, his native place, will dedicate a monument to him. It has been suggested that there are archæological societies, as well as individuals, in the United States that would be glad to avail themselves of the privilege of contributing something towards this monument to the pioneer of Humanism and of all modern scholarship.

Throughout Europe, contributions are being made, not by philologists only, but by lovers of literature, who honor in Petrarch one of the masters of modern poetry, and, after Dante, the spokesman in verse of modern love. If every living American who has ever written a sonnet will discharge his debt to Petrarch by subscribing to this fund for Petrarch's monument, our American quota will be worthy of America's reputation for generous giving.

Subscriptions may be sent to Prof. Richard Norton, Director of the American School, No. 5 Via Vicenza, Rome, Italy, or to either of the undersigned. In either case they will be acknowledged and forwarded to the committee in charge of the celebration.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER,
8 Berkeley St., Cambridge, Mass.;
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
29 Buckingham St., Cambridge, Mass.

THE KANT CENTENNIAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the recent meeting of the American Philosophical Association held at Princeton, the question of a recognition of the hundredth anniversary of the death of the philosopher Kant was referred to the Executive Committee, with power to act. The time has seemed to the Committee too short for any formal recognition of the event by the Association as a body on the day in question, which is, moreover, an inconvenient time for a meeting; but the following memorandum has been approved, and it is desired to give to it the widest possible circulation among those interested. Will you kindly contribute to this by giving it a place in the *Nation*, to the end that the occasion may not pass without some commemoration, in our colleges and universities, of the work of the most epoch-making and influential philosopher of modern times? H. N. GARDINER.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., January 17, 1904.

KANT CENTENARY.

"The members of the American Philosophical Association, by its officers, desire to call the attention of all teachers of philosophy to the fact that next February 12 is the centenary of the death of Immanuel Kant. They respectfully suggest that such memorial notice should be taken of this fact as in each case seems practicable. It is hoped that a more formal celebration of the illustrious services of this great thinker may be arranged for at the next meeting of the Association.

"(Signed) GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD,
"President.
"H. NORMAN GARDINER,
"Secretary."

TITIAN AND THE PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If Miss Keyes can prove that Titian possessed a copy of Catullus in which the "Pervigilium Veneris" was included, she will have carried the date of the first publication of that poem back by half a century or more. Until, however, such proof is forthcoming, I think we must adhere to the accepted version, according to which the "Pervigilium" was first published, from the only manuscript then known, by Petrus Pithoeus, in his edition of Petronius, Paris, 1577. Pithoeus had previously sent a copy of the manuscript to Justus Lipsius, and these two eminent scholars agreed in welcoming the discovery as a novelty, and one of the highest interest. It does not, therefore, seem possible that Titian can have had access to a printed copy; or to a manuscript one either, for in this case others must have had access to it also, and so precious a remnant of antiquity would not have been allowed to remain unpublished.

A comparison between the poem and the picture will show the impossibility of there being any direct relation between them, notwithstanding the general resemblance in their spirit justly pointed out by Miss Keyes. The "virgo Delia," whom Venus invites to her festival, is not a nymph, but the Delos-born Diana, as sufficiently evidenced by the appeal to her to refrain from hunting during the period: "Ut nemus sit incruentum de ferinis stragibus." But, although the undraped figure in the picture may possibly be Venus, or Peithoo, no one can believe either figure to represent Diana. There is no resemblance between either and the representations of Diana; nor is there, either in the personages themselves or in the accompanying sculpture, a vestige of the symbolism which in such a case could not have been wanting. It is, moreover, certain that a painter proposing to illustrate the "Pervigilium Veneris" would take care to make his landscape accord with the aspects of spring. The festival celebrated in the poem was held in spring, and the piece is almost as much a hymn of Spring as a hymn of Venus. "Ver novum, ver jam canorum, vere natus orbis est." There is nothing vernal in the picture: the leaves are fully formed, the rose is fully expanded, there is not a spray of blossom to indicate the season when "concordant amores, nubunt alites."

I cannot bring myself to leave the subject without citing the felicitous translation of the refrain of the "Pervigilium," "Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet," in the 'Angel in the House' of the late Coventry Patmore:

"Let those love now who never loved,
Let those who have loved love again."

I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,
R. GARNETT.

HAMPSTEAD, ENGLAND, December 30, 1903.

[With this we will take leave of a theme as complex as it is interesting.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, announces "a series of annotated reprints of some of the best and rarest contemporary volumes of travel, descriptive of the aborigines and social and economic conditions in the Middle and Far West, during the period of early American settlement," under the general title of "Early Western Travels, 1748-1846." They will be edited, annotated, and analytically indexed as a whole by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Facsimiles of the original title-pages, maps, portraits, views, etc., will be further valuable features of this large enterprise. There will be 750 complete sets, with a separate sale of certain single volumes. The issue will begin in February, and will be at the rate of one volume a month—the thirty-first volume being the index.

Spring announcements by McClure, Phillips & Co. are 'Religions of Authority,' by Auguste Sabatier, translated by Louise Seymour Houghton; 'Human Work,' by Charlotte Perkins Gilman; 'The Shame of the Cities,' by Lincoln Steffens; 'Trusts of To-day,' by Gilbert Holland Montague; 'Making a Home,' by E. P. Powell; 'Russian Literature,' by Prince Kropotkin; 'William Butler Yeats and the Irish Literary Revival,' by Horatio Sheafe Krans, and 'Charles Dudley Warner,' by Mrs. James T. Fields.

Funk & Wagnalls Co. promise a new translation of Tolstoy's 'Sevastopol,' by Aylmer Maude, and 'Russia before the Bar of the American People,' edited by Isidore Singer.

J. B. Lippincott Co. have in preparation 'Teutonic Legends in the Nibelungen Lied,' by Prof. Wesley C. Sawyer of the University of the Pacific, and 'Forward,' a book of travel by Miss Boegli, a Swiss globe-trotter.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, will publish immediately, under the direction of Ralph Fletcher Seymour, 'The Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise,' in a limited rubricated edition with double page-borders and large initials.

In time of publication almost a campaign "Life" will be Jacob A. Riis's 'Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen,' to appear in the spring with the Outlook Company's imprint.

The Clarendon Press will issue immediately the Mimes of Herodas, with introduction, critical notes, commentary and collotype illustrations.

Dr. Höltsch, editor of the *Deutsche Monatsschrift*, has just completed and will publish in the near future an extensive work on the United States, with special reference to our political and economic development. As this is the first German work to consider systematically the activity of President Roosevelt, the author has arranged to transmit one of the first copies of the book to the President, through the German Ambassador in Washington, Count Speck von Sternberg.

The 'Letters and Memories' of Charles Kingsley, edited by his wife, in two volumes, are now added to the Library Edition of this author's novels and poems. The construction of this work cannot receive high praise, and it was all the more incumbent on the publishers (New York: J. F. Taylor & Co) to supply an index, though it would make more obvious, of course, the defects in the chronicle. There are portraits of Kingsley and his wife.

The Dent-Lippincott Temple Bible proceeds with 'Tobit and the Babylonian Apocryphal Writings,' edited by Professor Sayce, and 'Wisdom and the Jewish Apocryphal Writings,' edited by W. A. Stevenson. These dainty volumes have for ornament two frontispieces after Botticelli's "Tobit" and "Judith."

Three papers from the *Atlantic* and an

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expanded address before the Harvard Memorial Society are brought together by Mr. William Garrott Brown in a volume entitled 'The Foe of Compromise and Other Essays' (Macmillan). The title essay bears rereading, and its trenchant analysis of political motive ought to prove helpful to the remnant who can still hear the voice of conscience despite the call of party. The "Defence of American Parties" is somewhat labored, and does little more than glide pleasantly over the surface of our political history, but it will carry an interest for those who like to have long periods or extended movements summed up for them in broad generalizations. The essay entitled "The Task of the American Historian," on the other hand, is a well-phrased plea for historical writing that shall be at once clear, simple, natural, honest, and interesting—a kind of writing of which the works of Parkman and Fiske are thus far the best examples. We could wish that Mr. Brown's style were not so unceasingly brilliant, and that the reader might occasionally be given a chance to take breath; but the book before us, like the same author's 'Lower South in American History,' must be given a prominent place in the field of recent American essay writing.

The Historical Manuscripts Commission of the American Historical Association has issued a selection of letters taken from the Salmon P. Chase papers, recently acquired by the Library of Congress. The two most notable features are the letters written to Chase from New Orleans in 1862-65 by George S. Denison, and the extracts from Chase's own Diary while in Lincoln's Cabinet. Denison was a New Englander who served as the agent of the Treasury in New Orleans during the occupation of the city by Gen. Butler. His duties led him to guard the port against illegal trade, and in the performance of them he found that Butler was himself involved in such ventures, permitting his brother to speculate successfully under cover of passes and permits. On this point the letters leave no room for doubt, and yet Denison admired the great energy and capacity for work that Butler showed, and regretted his removal, to give place to a more honest but less efficient executive. This very notable series of letters indicates the growth of Chase's political ambitions, to further which Denison lent himself. The same development, or rather deterioration, is shown in the general correspondence and the Diary. It is difficult to believe that the younger man, full of the contest for freedom and eager to bear his share of the needed sacrifices, is the writer of the sharp criticisms of his chief to be found in the Diary, and the schemer for his own advancement in so critical a period of the nation's history. The index is very inadequate, and a chronological arrangement of the material would have been an improvement.

'The Ship of State by those at the Helm' (Boston: Ginn & Co.) is one of the *Youth's Companion* series. It includes articles on the Presidency, by Theodore Roosevelt (written before he became President), the Life of a Senator, by H. C. Lodge, the Supreme Court, by Justice Brewer, and Good Manners and Diplomacy, by William R. Day. Adults will not find them very interesting, but they are intended for the young, for whom they afford an elementary account of the working of our institutions. The essays are, of course, rather optimistic in tone than the reverse. Mr. Lodge thinks that "the average of character and ability" in both Houses of Congress is "higher to-day then ever," and "has risen instead of declining during the hundred years of our history"; Mr. Day declares that it is "universally conceded" that our Consular Reports are "among the best, if not the best, anywhere published." Such value as the handbook has, lies in the details given of the actual operations of government.

F. Stroud's 'Judicial Dictionary,' of which a second edition has appeared in three volumes (Boston Book Co.), differs from ordinary law dictionaries in dealing with words and phrases as judicially interpreted. It also now gives statutory definitions. It seems to be intended to cover the same ground as "Words and Phrases" in one of our digests—there has always been such a title, if we remember right, in Abbott's New York Digest—but the volume is probably the only publication of the kind designed for the British Empire. That such a book is useful is a matter of course. There is an enormous amount of learning collected in these three volumes, relating to matters of everyday occurrence, which yet, except through some such compilation, is almost impossible to find. The commonest words and phrases have received in legal use interpretations which make resort to ordinary dictionaries, and often even law dictionaries, futile. Burglary, for instance, must be committed by night; but what is night? If there be *crepusculum* enough to discern a man's face withal, is there no burglary? We all think that we know what Damage means. But if the reader will turn to this title, he will find a great body of learning as to whether it includes damage to person or only to property. The titles are of unequal value, some of them going too much beyond the business of definition; but this is a defect very difficult to avoid.

Under the title 'Recent Literature on Interest' (Macmillan Co.) Profs. W. A. Scott and Siegmund Feilbogen present a translation of Böhm-Bawerk's latest criticism of the critics of his theory. The preface, by Professor Scott, gives a summary of the chief additions contained in the second edition of the 'Geschichte und Kritik der Capitalzins-Theorien,' the translation itself being of the appendix to that work. The state of the controversy about this most abstruse subject is very well set forth, both by the author and by the translator; but the number of misconceptions and misunderstandings still to be corrected is so large as to make the prospect of agreement seem remote.

One of the arguments of our protectionists used to be that the imposition of tariffs caused the production of valuable statistics; and the English publishers must certainly be grateful to Mr. Chamberlain for the stimulus given to their trade by his proposals. Among the publications thus called forth we may mention 'Elements of the Fiscal Problem,' by L. G. Chiozza Money (London: P. S. King & Son), and 'Free Trade, Protection, Dumping, Bounties, and Preferential Tariffs,' by Henry A. Agacy (Longmans, Green & Co.), both well-reasoned and earnest treatises, showing how deeply Englishmen are moved in this matter. The battle over free trade will be fought hard by both sides. A volume of lectures edited by Prof. W. J. Ashley, entitled 'British Industries' (Longmans), contains ammunition that will be used in the conflict, although the lectures were given before the present issue was fairly raised.

Prof. J. Shield Nicholson has prepared for the use of students a manual entitled 'Elements of Political Economy' (Macmillan), which is not to be regarded as merely an abstract of his larger work, although based upon it. Considering the severe condensation necessary, which precludes almost all concrete statement, the result must be pronounced successful. The treatment is simple, the style easy; and, as controversy is practically ignored, the book is readable. But where generalities only are dealt with, it is impossible to be accurate. Many nebulous propositions must serve as scientific principles, and a teacher who would use this as a text-book must know his subject. Thus, we read that "the essence of socialism is, positively, to promote the good of the whole society; and, negatively, to destroy the present system (individualism), which generates or permits the injurious privileges of classes and individuals." Such definitions can but confuse the student.

The sixth volume of the Publications of the Buffalo Historical Society, edited by its Secretary, Frank H. Severance, is a prosperous volume of nearly 700 pages, with portrait and other illustrations. There are six historical papers by Henry R. Howland; twelve narratives of early mission work on the Niagara frontier and Buffalo Creek; and a life of Horatio Jones, one of the partipants, as interpreter, in the Buffalo Creek talk with the Indians in 1793, whose portrait is reasonably identified in the curious drawing facing page 497. In this group the portrait of Timothy Pickering is excellent. There is still much matter of interest which we cannot specify.

The *Yale Alumni Weekly* for January 6 contains an interesting summary of Mr. Charles Goodyear's address at the Yale School of Fine Arts on December 1, on "The Asymmetry of French Cathedrals," which breaks fresh ground in the extension of his remarkable observations on horizontal and vertical curves and aberrations from the plumb-line in buildings of all ages from the Egyptian downwards, with unbroken continuity. As usual, Mr. Goodyear illustrated his discoveries with convincing photographic views, some of which are shown in the above journal.

The development of the arid West under the new reclamation law is the subject of a striking article in the *National Geographic Magazine* for January by Mr. F. H. Newell, the engineer in charge of the service. The object of the law is "primarily to put the public domain into the hands of small landowners"; and although the area which can be irrigated is relatively small, yet if two or three per cent. of our arid lands are ultimately reclaimed and put under cultivation, it will mean a population in the western half of the United States almost as great as that in the eastern half. The money value of the works, which are being prosecuted by a corps of about 300 engineers, can be estimated from the statement that, "if I am correctly informed, the proceeds from the small irrigated area in Colorado are already greater than from the mines." One of the largest projects is the construction of a dam on Salt River,

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Arizona, which will be "one of the greatest in the world, being 230 feet from foundation to top." On the land along the river "there are sometimes as many as seven crops a year raised." The article is accompanied by maps and illustrations. Dr. John W. Foster tells the story of the Alaska Boundary Tribunal, and there is a summary, with some remarkable photographs, of Mr. W. A. Bentley's "Studies among the Snow Crystals."

In polyglot Austria, universities along strictly national or linguistic lines are becoming the order of the day. In Prague the German and the Bohemian have existed side by side for many decades, the attendance at the former being now 1,259, and at the latter 3,200. The agitation of the Italian students in Tyrol in recent months sought to compel the Government to establish a second Italian university in Innsbruck. Now the Magyars have inaugurated a similar propaganda, and demand a second Czech foundation at Brünn or Olmütz. This project is strongly opposed by the Germans, who, however, would not object to the establishment of another Czech university in such a predominantly Czech district as that of Kremsier, but with the proviso that a second German school of the same grade be located in a German city. Dr. Oberleithner, the leader of the Germans in the Moravian Parliament, declares that the solution of the Magyar university problem must be, "A German institution in Brünn; a Czech institution in Kremsier."

The educational world of Germany is now being treated to a remarkable professional controversy, the participants being members of the philosophical faculty of the Catholic faculty of Münster. Prof. Erich Adickes recently published a book entitled 'Vier Schriften des Herrn Professor Kappes, auf ihre Herkunft untersucht,' in which he furnished ocular demonstration by parallel columns that four of his colleague Kappes's works on logic and philosophy are almost throughout taken word for word from the works of other German savants. It is a case of plagiarism on a grand scale. A reply from the accused is not expected, but the Government will be compelled to do something in the matter.

The French text-book of general history by A. Hervé (Paris: Bibliothèque d'Éducation, Rue de Cluny), lately mentioned in these columns for its aggressive anti-militarist spirit, is arousing intense hostility in certain quarters. The committee of inspectors of primary schools in the Department of the Seine has just refused to put it on the lists of the public schools of Paris. A Deputy from Doubs asked leave to interpellate the Minister of Public Instruction because it is being used in some of the public schools in his department.

A new scientific journal, entitled *Physicochemische Rundschau*, has been launched in Berlin with the new year. Its chief purpose is to furnish a complete international survey of what is being done in physical chemistry and kindred branches. It will be edited by Dr. Rudolphi of Darmstadt. It will not publish special research articles, but will report progress in the department everywhere. The reports will be in the German, English, and French languages.

Two new journals in the department of physiology are also making their début. One of them is the *Archivio di Fisiologia*, edited by Prof. Giulio Fano, director of the physiological laboratory in Florence. It will publish articles in Italian, German, French, and English, and will be a semi-monthly. The other new venture is the quarterly *Journal of Physiology*, to be issued by the University Press of Cambridge, with Prof. James Ward and W. H. R. Rivere as editors.

The Baltimore Association for the Promotion of the University Education of Women offers a graduate fellowship of $500 for the year 1904-5. This Baltimore fellowship is available for work at either an American or a European university. In its award, preference will be given to applicants from Maryland and the South. Applications should reach the committee on award by March 20. Applicants may obtain blank forms for application from the President of the Association, Miss McLane, No. 1101 North Charles Street, or from any member of the following committee on award: Dr. Mary Sherwood, the Arundel; Miss Edith Hamilton, Bryn Mawr School; Miss Julia R. Rogers, No. 821 North Charles Street; Dr. Lilian Welsh, the Woman's College, Baltimore, and Miss S. R. Carter, St. Timothy's School, Catonsville, Md.

—Dr. Murray's New Year gift is the conclusion of the letter O in the Oxford English Dictionary (H. Frowde), or in other words the first half of volume vii. It ranges from Outjet to Ozyat, and is much occupied with out- and over- compounds. *Out of* is treated, in more than a page, as a separate vocable, analogous to *into*. What will be to Americans the most surprising historical revelation of this section—and must it not also be to most Englishmen?—is the account, under Outlawry, of the extraordinary parliamentary survival known as the Bill "for the more effectual preventing Clandestine Outlawries in personal actions," regularly introduced since 1743 at the beginning of each session before the reading of the King's speech, in token of Parliament's right to assemble on its own account and fix its own order of business. Under Outparter, it is shown that this word was admitted to dictionaries by reason of a misprint for Outputter; and this lexicographical lapse is humorously demonstrated by quotations. The useful term Output, derived from mining and manufacturing industries, did not find its way into general dictionaries till after 1880. Outland is now only a poetic archaism, but may have a better fate before it in view of what has overtaken Outlander, thanks to the Boers. While Johnson recorded Outstand, "to stand out distinctly or prominently," in 1755, the first quotation for the corresponding participial Outstanding is not till 1830 (Herschel). George Washington furnishes the earliest example of Outpost. Outside of, for except, is an Americanism.

—So is Emerson's Oversoul, but it has been caught up abroad; and so, by a curious natural selection, are Overalls (but Dr. Murray is misled by Bancroft into making mere trousers of it; it is all but what would be called nowadays a "union garment," lacking the sleeves, and fifty years ago was worn by boys at play to protect their jackets as well as their trousers), Overcoat (dating here from 1848, when "surtout" was often used), Overshoe (1851), Overskirt (1883), and Overwear (1890). A picturesque South African adjective is Overberg, 'ultramontane.' Over, itself a comparative of the element contained in *ab-ove*, has been compared (overer, overest, as in German *oberer, oberst*, and overmore, overmost). Purists who avoid "*over* one's signature" may notice that it is recorded here without comment, the first date being 1857 (in *Notes and Queries*). The verb Own, which apparently went out of use before 1300, was revived by Owner (from 1340); it was itself a derivative from the adjective Own, originally a past participle of Owe. Dr. Murray interestingly shows how Owe, from meaning "to have," came to mean "to be in debt." For the use of Owing, in phrases like "not one penny owing them," we find no corresponding sense in the verb.

—Making laudable use of a unique possession, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton has edited a little volume of selections from Thomas Gray's notes on Linnæus's 'Systema Naturæ' edition of 1758 (the tenth), with facsimiles of some of his drawings ('The Poet Gray as a Naturalist.' Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed). The droning beetle, the moping owl, twittering swallow, and chanticleer of the opening stanzas of the 'Elegy,' the favorite cat drowned in a tub of goldfish, suggest the observer of animated nature; but annotations and interleavings of the 'Systema,' which descended to Mr. Norton through Ruskin, first reveal the poet's absorption in this pursuit from the time when, past middle life, the Muse began to forsake him. "Some of the notes are in English, but most of them are in Latin, with numerous citations in French or Italian." They are briefest for the botany, but in this study, too, Gray was at home. There are numerous drawings of the heads of birds, of mollusks and testacea, many more of insects; all, as here reproduced, showing a strong sense of line. Mr. Norton's judicious selections embrace Gray's list of all the birds found in Great Britain, interesting to compare with Bewick's (1821). Thus, Gray's *Falcones* number thirteen to Bewick's twenty, with but nine forms in common. Two of Gray's four owls (or possibly three, as the White Owl and Screech Owl are identical in Bewick) are found among the five of the 'British Birds.' Another list is the names of birds found in Scotland. A third is the terminology for the description of insects, concerning whose orders and genera Mr. Norton reprints Gray's hexameters. The concluding extract relates to *Patella pellucida*, and ends with a question, to be made still more knotty by the 'Origin of Species,' "An varietas?" The thin volume has been beautifully printed by Mr. Updike at the Merrymount Press, and the impression of the facsimiles on the laid paper of the text is a triumph of special treatment. The effect is of parchment.

—With the seventh volume, the 'Writings of James Monroe' (Putnams) come to an end. The last years of his Presidency, to which he contributed so little strength, and a retirement embittered by pressing money needs, call for a sympathy which could not be granted in the years of his active partisanship. He did not grow in mental stature, and he never occupied the place of a "seer," consulted by political leaders. He had enjoyed the highest honor the people could confer, and he exercised

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the ordinary duties of his office with indifference to the struggle for succession that took place in his Cabinet. To that extent he was dignified, although he never seems to have filled the requirements of the Presidency, and leaves the impression of timidity, often descending to meannesses that are unexpectedly petty. He did not cease from nursing his dislikes and grievances, and he spent his retirement in restating his diplomatic defeats, in explaining his conduct towards Jackson, and in preparing an autobiography, which has never been published. The small number of his letters published in this volume, which covers the last ten years of his life, is full testimony to the little estimation in which he was held in national politics. The advent of the younger Adams, with a policy of national administration that was aggressive, and in many particulars opposed to that of Monroe, left the ex-President stranded on the shoals of his own mediocrity. The growth of faction gave him no place in the councils of any party.

—Monroe never seems entirely to have grasped the meaning of American democracy, though he won all his honors from the Jeffersonian following. He never appreciated his own marked defects, which made his attempts to shine in diplomacy, in military service, and in politics, approach dangerously near to complete failure. He could not judge men or events, and his strong prejudices and short-sightedness interfered with his development. To be always on the defensive is not a happy attitude for one who aspires to lead, and Monroe was more ready to explain his past conduct than to take up the problems that faced him. He had a certain amount of plodding industry, serviceable in such a body as the Continental Congress, or in a governor's chair, which was used as a step to higher office. Yet even this quality proved obstructive to a wider view when the higher office was attained. He lost himself in detail, forgot the main lines of action, and, even when his own interests were most concerned, became wearisome by repetition of unimportant matter. His unconscious vanity was one cause of this, but it is unusual to find so much self-confidence associated with extreme sensitiveness to criticism. The series of volumes of his writings give a full and not lovable picture of the man; and even his bitter and narrow judgments of men who crossed his ambitions should not blind us to a certain yielding quality that caused him to be influenced by a will stronger than his own—by such men as Jefferson and Adams. The editor and publishers are to be congratulated upon the series.

—Under the title 'Un Philanthrope d'autrefois' (Paris: Plon) M. Ferdinand-Dreyfus describes the good deeds of La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, a duke who was also a philosopher, a man of action, and a true friend of the race. The date of his birth (1747) recalls the fact that our own age has no monopoly of humanitarian sentiment, and that the eighteenth century was something more than a time of prose, cynicism, and loose living. Liancourt, coming shortly after Howard, was animated by an equal sympathy for the hardships of the common lot. We use an English analogy, because his benevolence did not exhaust itself in a flood of words, as so frequently happened among the disciples of Rousseau. The stanzas of the "Needy Knife-grinder" apply to a kind of claptrap which was talked on both sides of the Channel, but which flourished chiefly in France. The disposition of Liancourt, however, was wholly averse to flowers of language and acts of spectacular generosity. "Not what we give, but what we share" might have been his motto, for he threw his soul into all the various enterprises to which his name was attached. In many ways his career is more interesting than that of the typical philanthropist. The latter leads a life which as a rule is unmarked by picturesque or extraordinary events, but Liancourt was driven from France, lost his property, and endured the regrets of exile. He is not to be confounded with the *émigrés* of Coblenz. The fact that he sought refuge in England and then in the United States is a sufficient proof of his liberalism. He did not suffer the Revolution to drive him from France until a warrant for his arrest had been issued in the summer of 1792. He was no follower of the Comte d'Artois, but a liberal patriot who endured a great deal of obloquy from both parties, and could vindicate the purity of his motives only by the unvarying uprightness of his conduct. His personal disinterestedness is illustrated by his refusal to accept the fortune of Mrs. Dave. This lady met him at Bury Saint-Edmunds, where by the friendship of Arthur Young he had been led to settle for a time. Being without direct descendants, she left him considerable property, but, like Spinoza under similar circumstances, he returned it to the heirs. His political disinterestedness is illustrated by his opposition during the closing years of his life to the policy of Charles X. Liancourt was among the first to profit by the amnesties of the Consulate, and his great activity as a philanthropist dates from the period of his return to France. The catalogue of his achievements is a long one, and will be found in most dictionaries of biography. M. Ferdinand-Dreyfus deepens the impression of his goodness by adding many fresh details. Liancourt's zeal on behalf of vaccination, agriculture, good roads, good schools, savings banks, prison reform, Christian morality, and the assistance of the poor gave him a unique place in French society during the Empire and under the Restoration. The present biography, though somewhat heavy in style (according to French standards) is not unworthy of its noble subject.

—One of the most interesting scientific enterprises undertaken of late is that which culminates in the serial publication "Natur und Staat: Beiträge zur naturwissenschaftlichen Gesellschaftslehre" (Jena: Gustav Fischer). On the first of January, 1900, an announcement of a prize contest was published under the famous names of Professors Häckel, Conrad, and Fraas; a sum of 30,000 marks was to be set aside, to be divided among the best essayists on the following theme: "Was lernen wir aus den Prinzipien der Descendenz-theorie in Beziehung auf die innerpolitische Entwickelung und Gesetzgebung der Staaten?" Following this announcement came a series of suggestions as to the general field which it was proposed to have investigated. A trio of judges was named, consisting of Profs. Conrad, Schäfer, and Ziegler, upon whose findings the signatory professors were to pass in awarding the prizes. Manuscripts were due December 1, 1902. In March, 1903, the results were made known. It appears that the competitors for the prizes numbered sixty (of whom two were Americans), and that many noteworthy theses were submitted. The prize essays, together with others of distinctive merit, are now being published under the collective title given above. According to Professor Ziegler's introduction to the series, the projectors of the enterprise were well pleased with the results attained. Some of the essays were faulty, to be sure, or insignificant, or self-excluded by non-adherence to the published conditions; but what pleased the judges most was the variety of conceptions elicited by an appeal which seemed to touch men of all professions. One of the prize-winners, for example, is a director of an agricultural school, another a surgeon, a third a dramatist, and so on. This is what was desired. Professor Ziegler remarks that the theme is so wide-reaching and so intimately related to various fields of science that anything like a complete treatment is clearly out of the power of a single mind. Of peculiar significance, under these circumstances, was the substantial agreement of a strong majority upon certain fundamental phases of the subject. Again, the contest seemed to appeal, in large part, to older men who had long pondered the subject, and were thus led to reduce their scattered observations to order. Hence the prizes and the publication "in our day of agitators and chatterers once again broke the silence of the quiet thinker." The essays were, before they closed, to try "to throw light upon the tendencies of political movements in Germany." Supposably this was to be a practical application of principles which had been evolved in the preceding treatment; but it was, apparently, the least satisfactory part of the total product. Several authors felt an irrelevance, and made no attempt to connect their political remarks with the body of their work; others spun a Dædalian thread of connection. The work is to be printed in ten volumes, and is to be completed by next autumn. The last volume is to contain an index for the whole series.

LONG'S AMERICAN NAVY.

The New American Navy. By John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, 1897-1902. The Outlook Company. 1903.

The publication of an account of the Navy by a recent Secretary would, under any circumstances, be a notable event in literature, and Mr. Long's 'New American Navy' will profit by this very unusual relation between subject and author, as well as by the widespread interest which that service, its personnel, and recent achievements have aroused throughout the land. That his undertaking was conceived without apparent misgiving augurs a trustful nature. Nevertheless, this work must compel thoughtful persons to speculate upon the purpose and motives of a writer who occupied, at closely succeeding periods, the apparently irreconcilable positions of prominent officer of the International Peace Society and Secretary of the Navy during the war with Spain. In this case the writer and book seem inseparable. Anti-Imperialists,

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knowing that he was President McKinley's trusted counsellor, still hold Mr. Long largely responsible for our failure to adjust Cuba's grievances with Spain in an amicable manner and for the wretched Philippine imbroglio, the embers of which our much-discussed medical general is at this moment so vigorously fanning into blaze, and they allege that, had Mr. Long but spoken the right word in season, war would have been averted and the world spared much unnecessary misery.

It is difficult for laymen to understand the peculiar disadvantages under which Mr. Long has labored. Of what the official records contain, no one, of course, can speak with greater authority than a Secretary of the Navy, for all the files of the Department are open to him, and he has only to choose what he shall omit; but as to the public opinion of the service, its aspirations, its grievances, its real *esprit*, he is as ignorant as if he lived in another planet, for he is surrounded by men of his own selection, who are too prudent to utter unwelcome truths. Whatever Mr. Long states as a fact may, therefore, be accepted with little reserve; but when he endeavors to voice the sentiment of the navy as a whole, he is quite as apt to be wrong as right. Nevertheless, Mr. Long has produced a most readable work, written in pleasing, simple, and popular style, which offers an agreeable view of the navy as seen through his own spectacles. It is marked by much generosity of tone towards his predecessors in office, somewhat tempered in the case of Mr. Whitney, the ablest secretary the navy has ever had. As a record of events, it possesses undoubted value, while the connecting thread of comment is generally kind, if not always trustworthy. The tone, which is familiar and chatty, takes the book out of the category of serious histories, and places it rather among the recollections and memoirs.

It is possible to supplement Mr. Long's first chapter by a bit of hitherto unwritten history. In the spring or early summer of 1881, when the navy was at its lowest ebb, Secretary Hunt, having invited Capt. Bancroft Gherardi, U. S. N., to accompany him on a trip up the Hudson River, seized upon the opportunity to unbosom himself to an old acquaintance and fellow-Louisianian on the condition of the service and the humiliation and embarrassment of his own position. "Things are in a horrible state," he said in substance; "the ships are falling to pieces with no prospect of new ones to replace them, while I am ignorant and powerless, although ready to act to the extent of my ability. Tell me, frankly, captain, what would you do in my place?" And the captain modestly replied: "I am not wise enough to tell you what to do, but if I were you I should form a board of our brightest and most thoughtful officers and direct them to consider and report upon our naval wants and to advise me as to the course I should pursue. If you employ the best brains in the navy on this task, you cannot go far astray." This suggestion brought about the first advisory board, with its train of far-reaching consequences. It may, indeed, be said that the late and lamented Rear-Admiral Gherardi planted the seed from which has sprung the mighty tree of the navy of to-day.

The first two chapters, on "The Birth" and "The Building" of the new navy, and the fifth, "Preparing for the War with Spain," chiefly historical in character, contain little which is not accessible elsewhere, except that personal note which makes their reading like listening to a good story-teller who knows his subject and is proud of his share in the occurrences he narrates. It is in his chapters on Organization and Administration that Mr. Long speaks with authority, for these subjects engaged his daily attention. His conclusion, as to the corps of professors of mathematics, that "Congress should provide that no further appointments be made to this corps, as all its work can be procured from civil life, and the anomaly of a pension or retirement for non-military service should be done away with," is no less sound than his pertinent suggestion that it is difficult to see why naval constructors and civil engineers should have military rank or designation. Some day everybody will laugh, as many do now, at the idea of uniformed and titled corps of naval officers who never go to sea, and of admirals who have not tasted salt water. The genesis of the Personnel Law, so called, which amalgamated the line and engineers, is well told. The law itself must shortly be supplemented by another, for while it has done much good it has left untouched weighty problems which, until solved, are bound to shake the navy from truck to keelson.

In a general way, Mr. Long has steered his literary craft with considerable skill, and if he has done more than justice to his non-combatant colleagues in the Navy Department, the error may be attributed to the heart rather than to the head. He thinks that their efforts and value are not sufficiently known to the world at large, and he performs a self-imposed duty in attempting to dispel so widespread an ignorance. Alas! his endeavors are futile; Capt. Clark of the *Oregon* will always be remembered by his countrymen, while Secretary Long and his bureau chiefs will speedily be forgotten. It may not be right, but so it has been and so it will continue to be, until human nature itself changes. The men who remained behind had "soft billets," comfortable duty, power, and, in certain instances, increased pay; while those who went to the front got hard work, a chance to be killed, and, broadly speaking, neither promotion nor thanks. It is not a light matter to adjust the grievances of men.

Mr. Long's course when Congress was clamoring for the erection of a Government armor plant is beyond praise: "It seemed to me unwise for the United States to embark in an industry which was properly the field of individual operation; and, furthermore, the cost of the material turned out under Government conditions was certain to be higher than that turned out by private manufacturers." He fought for time, and was rewarded by having the whole vexed question of the supply of armor for our naval vessels placed unreservedly in his hands. Few persons who know the conditions will agree with him in believing that the Bureaus of Construction and Repair, of Steam Engineering and of Equipment, in the Navy Department should be amalgamated; many will wonder why, thinking so, he did not effect this consolidation while he had the power; more again will inquire why, familiar as he should be with the real trouble of the navy—excessive, preposterous, emasculating centralization and incredible red tape—he neither acted while he could nor refers to it now that the reins have slipped from his hands.

Mr. Long's account of the negotiations preliminary to hostilities is an *ex-parte* defence of Mr. McKinley's nerveless policy at a critical moment in our country's affairs. Spain's proposition to leave the causes of the *Maine's* explosion to an international tribunal is airily dismissed by Mr. Long, in apparent contempt of our loss of prestige through unwillingness to bring our case to trial before the world. The general story of the naval campaign of 1898 follows conventional lines, with here and there a glimpse into the President's council chamber, or a discreet lifting of the veil which still screens Departmental motives. The public will turn instinctively to this book for the reason of Mr. Long's policy on certain points, and for the answers to the many questions which these points provoke. For example, was no one of the sixteen admirals and commodores senior to Captain Sampson available and competent to take the North Atlantic Fleet when Rear-Admiral Sicard fell ill? Why were such men as Rear-Admiral Bunce, who, prior to Sicard, had licked that fleet into splendid shape for Sampson's using, and Commodore Howell, who had been considered in 1897 at the same time with Dewey in connection with the Asiatic Fleet and had been given by Mr. Long the European Squadron because it "was a choice flag command of the navy, and included Spanish waters," and Commodore Watson, Farragut's brave and faithful flag lieutenant during the Civil War, overslaughed and the two latter made to serve under their juniors? Did the result justify the selection? Did the campaign bristle with difficulties which no one of these approved and typical officers could have overcome? Would any of them have committed a greater tactical error than that of bombarding San Juan, P. R.—a repulse, magnified by the Spaniards into a tremendous defeat? Or would worse luck have attended him than befell Sampson, who had as his immediate second in command an officer whom he did not trust, and whom, as a senior in actual rank, he naturally felt great hesitation in properly disciplining; in having foolish assistants to write bombastic dispatches announcing a great victory in terms which disgusted and (unintentionally) deceived the American people, and made Sampson falsely appear, when the truth became known, as covetously snatching the laurels from another's brow; in being embroiled *malgré lui* in a bitter controversy leading to nothing but vexation of spirit and a loss of that advancement which he had so ably won? Says Mr. Long: "For his selection the Department is alone responsible." It was indeed a tribute to Sampson's preëminent standing among his brother officers, but it brought him little save trials and tribulations. Mr. Long would have been kinder to him, personally, had he left him in command of the *Iowa*.

Nothing could be stronger in language or sounder in principle than Mr. Long's exposition of war on Spain by blockade of Cuba. In this connection it is pertinent to ask why the blockade was not originally extended to Sagua la Grande, through which seaport and its railway connections Havana enjoyed uninterrupted communication with the outside world until July 9? In refusing

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permission to assault Havana, Mr. Long showed himself wiser than Admiral Sampson and his professional advisers. Without the army to hold the place, to bombard would have been folly itself. A general prohibition against similar useless demonstrations would have spared us, subsequently, the San Juan affair. This appears to have been an instance in which a happy issue attended the Department's determination to control the course of the campaign. The indisputable evidences of this control abound throughout Mr. Long's narrative, and they make a fearsome showing of what we may expect in our next war. The War Board in Washington was useful so long as it kept the Commander-in-chief supplied with information and held up his hands. Whenever the Board and the Secretary dispatched vessels or directed scouts without Sampson's knowledge, or imposed certain movements on him, or advised his sinking a vessel in the mouth of the harbor at Santiago, etc., they hurt rather than helped the public cause. Wars cannot be conducted from a cabinet; yet this is what was attempted by Mr. Long, for no other interpretation can be placed upon such expressions as "Before leaving St. Nicholas Channel to obtain permission to go to Santiago," Sampson did thus and so.

The *Merrimac* episode was a mistake in plan and a blunder in execution. It was a cruel and unjustifiable exercise of power on Sampson's part to take a good sailor out of the command of that vessel, and an inexcusable error to confide so delicate an enterprise as her sinking to untrained and incompetent hands. A sailor might have had his ship destroyed outside the appointed line, but he would never have overshot that line by half a mile, as Hobson did. But Hobson's bungling in no wise dulls the brilliancy of his splendid heroism; this is beyond praise. Since, however, the fundamental idea was itself erroneous, we should be grateful that Sampson selected a landsman who might be trusted to fail, and who did fail. Admiral Sampson's adherents and partisans, who form the vast majority of the naval service, and his friends, who are fewer in number only because his was a self-contained nature and not given to intimacies, will read Mr. Long's "The Battle of Santiago" with a sinking of the heart, for the author's position throughout is apologetic, and the chapter reads like a lawyer's brief in defence of a client. So vigorous a repulse of Sampson's imaginary detractors is surely unnecessary. No one can wrest from him the glory of planning and executing a triumphantly successful campaign, or the credit of an order of battle which stood the crucial test of Cervera's sortie. The very completeness of the latter's ensuing defeat, a completeness without parallel in history, is a tribute to the brains of the American leader.

"Outlying colonies, inadequately defended, are, in time of war, sources of serious weakness to the mother country. . . . The naval strategists saw at a glance that her [Spain's] undoing lay in her possessions in the East and West Indies." Thus does Mr. Long wisely open his description of Dewey's great fight at Manila. Is this axiom of the military art any less true to-day than in 1898? And is the world so enamoured of us that it will permit us to hold the Philippine group, for example, on easier terms than Spain? The services of the navy in "The Philippines, Samoa, and China" are interwoven with diplomatic episodes and expositions of American policy during the troublous years since '98, the whole forming an exceedingly interesting presentment which is more impartial than might have been expected as coming from an attorney of the Administration. Freed from the incubus of the great naval controversy, Mr. Long writes freely and justly of the navy. In his concluding chapter, "Some Personal Reminiscences," wherein a general atmosphere of good fellowship and mutual appreciation prevails, Mr. Long paints himself as well as those of whom he speaks, and we see how kindly he is, how readily he yields to the influences of personal contact, and how implicitly he trusts those immediately about him. There is a touch of Thackeray's shrewd humor in his tales of encounter with the army of women and of Senators, Representatives, and others, who bombarded him continually with requests for Departmental favors. We shall wait long for a more life-like sketch of Mr. Roosevelt than that contained in Mr. Long's few short lines. How the ex-Secretary must have chuckled as he penned them, consoling himself somewhat for the gentle strenuousness with which he was prised out of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet! Judging by the outcries of the Administration press, Mr. Long must feel that the account between himself and his former assistant is fairly well-balanced. None of his chapters is so well worth reading as this, not only for the personal interest it arouses, but also for the insight into the maze of misrepresentation, misunderstanding, and selfish demands through which a Cabinet officer has to pick his way.

The publishers have contributed their full share to the attractiveness of this book in excellent paper, large, clear type, wide margins, and numerous illustrations, chiefly photographic portraits.

RECENT NOVELS.

Zut, and Other Parisians. By Guy Wetmore Carryl. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Judgment. By Alice Brown. Harper & Brothers.

The Way of the Sea. By Norman Duncan. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Lesley Chilton. By Eliza Orne White. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Hetty Wesley. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. The Macmillan Co.

"The air was full of that mingled odor of wet wood pavements and horse-chestnut blossoms which is the outward, invisible sign of that most wonderful of inward and spiritual combinations—Paris and Spring!"

"Animal low of ceiling! Camel! Gourd! Ancient Senator! Gas-jet! Shut thy mouth or I jump within!"

For atmosphere and for vocabulary these two extracts serve as good examples of the very inward and intimately Parisian manner of Mr. Carryl's little book of stories. The reader is wholly in Paris for the moment, now on one side of the Seine, now on the other, hovering on the border of two great worlds in an appropriate Anglo-Franco alliance of tongues. From Zut the cat to La Trompette of the Butte Montmartre, to the rascally valet, to the student absinthe-victim, to the homesick Breton recruit beating his drum in the Champs-Élysées, everything is, as Mr. Carryl would put it, all that there is of the most Parisian. The way lies devious; it is not given to the reader to be always floating down the Seine or buying eggs in the groceries of respectability. Latin Quarter cafés and the salons of the demi-monde furnish their share of the picture, touched in with as much restraint and refinement as the nature of the subjects permits. The stories are comic, pathetic, melodramatic, tragic; some of them masterpieces, all of them alive with color and movement. To read them is to find one's self at the very pulse of the Parisian machine, with a constant sense that here is a writer who has penetrated several steps farther into his subject than American writers before him. He is quite beyond the stage of exploiting Paris. He is enveloped in it, and breathes out gracefully what he has absorbed naturally. He has very nearly reached the point of concealing his art. If it peeps out sometimes, it is the trifling penalty he pays when he lets himself be more French than the French, more Parisian than Paris.

'Judgment' is a short, beautifully printed, sufficiently absorbing novel, showing that the sword of judgment which belongs to the Hebrew God is a complete misfit to the hand of man. The hardness of John Markham made a great deal of trouble, which the inherited hardness of his daughter Elizabeth compelled him to see, and which the softness of his second wife helped to undo. The brevity of the story is happy, because a certain feverish, hectic quality of subject and form tends to pall on the reader, and would surely exasperate if prolonged. The creepy precautions invented to prevent Rosamond from learning the secret which every one knew she ought to be told, swell to a size ludicrously out of scale to the alleged evil they are meant to avert. This evil could have been early nipped, as early as on the second page, if Helen's judgment had equalled her saintliness. However, this is not the first story that has owed its existence to the absence of good sense, and has for that been none the less readable, nor the less lifelike. The annoyance consists in having the silliness pose as wisdom. The emotions and sentiments of all the parties concerned are spun very fine. We can fancy that they might rasp some stodgy souls with their preciousness; therefore to the stodgy we do not commend it. Even the mere plain man will be glad that no more pages afford space for more hot-house language—for more "broodinglys," "compensating meditations," "ardencys," "ancientrys," "deferents"; for "challenges" and "forebodings," that too altruistically do their own duties and those of other words, interchanging like beds by night and chests of drawers by day. The obvious moral of the story is "Judge not"; an inferred moral for the average reader will be, as we fancy, this: If a secret is to be told, tell it at once without waiting for Kent to tell it on his arrival from Africa. His ship may be late. And another corollary will be this: That Kent, who tried to tell Rosamond the secret when first they were betrothed, should have insisted on her listening, even if by so doing he had deprived the world of this interesting story.

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Mr. Norman Duncan's ten stories of the Newfoundland coast, reprinted from sundry periodicals, are the very quintessence and ecstasy of the sea in its coldest, harshest, cruellest aspect. If other sea stories are salt, crisp, sparkling, these are icy, bitter, clutching, vengeful, at least so far as the waters themselves are concerned. For the folk who figure in them, there could not be found simpler, sweeter, kinder; poets and dreamers often, unmurmuring always, brutal only when driven mad by the madness of the sea. The stories are wonderful transcriptions of fearsome experiences. It is hard to say whether the writer be more excellent at portraying man or ocean —man at his most primitive, ocean at its most austere. Certainly he has fitted figure and scene marvellously together, for the reading of the pages greatly stirs the blood. The blemish in the performance is the artificial language of the descriptions. Why—in the preface—"time o' night"? Why "plainted"? As for the incessant reiteration of spumy, flare, hiss, thud, and the like, whether it be called a use historical or hysterical will depend on whether the reader shall have been taught to read before or after the day of Stevenson and Bullen.

One of the minor characters in 'Lesley Chilton' says to an objecting daughter to whom she had submitted a letter for comment, "I didn't write it with a view to having it criticised. I read it to you to see if you thought it was all right." This saying is at once a gauge of the delicate humor pervading the story, and a motto for the critic as to the tone to be taken in reviewing this entirely pleasant little book. The greatest obstacle between hero and heroine is a difference of opinion on woman suffrage; the darkest shadow, the death of an aunt. The characters move in the lightness and light of natural good breeding and behavior through ways of peace, and there is no reason for not pronouncing the agreeable volume "all right."

Pleasant reading and full of insight into the magic land of children's thoughts and ways is 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.' It may be owned that Rebecca the young irrepressible, wearing her best gingham on second-best occasions, and flinging her precious pink parasol into the well as voluntary atonement for wholly unrelated sin, is more diverting than she of the "done-up" hair, the graduation essay, and the fairy prince. The early Rebecca is an inspired piece of portraiture—imaginative portraiture we might say, except that most of us have known just such impossibilities. Some of her youthful poetry may well stand beside Marjorie Fleming's.

Really and truly a book is 'Hetty Wesley.' It stirs the mind and spirit; it shows that the world has improved since the middle of the eighteenth century, as we need from time to time to remember; it gives a grim yet fascinating picture of the Wesley family, grouped and in detail; it weaves into the fabric with exquisite literary skill a single strand of Indian mystery, made relevant by circumstance and satisfying by its very incongruity. Above all, it portrays the wondrous Hetty with a vividness that will not let it be said she is set before us, but among us, a beautiful, living, human presence, made for joy and doomed to the most tragic of all tragedies—the sordid path —whereon with folded wings she walks, atoning. As a history of the Wesleys it may be fanciful; as a biographic appreciation it may be warped; as a study of human nature it is of high worth, and would be so had Samuel Wesley, his sons and his daughters, never been born.

Two Centuries of Costume in America. By Alice Morse Earle. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

The minor antiquities of Colonial life in America are Mrs. Earle's peculiar province. No one could be better equipped for describing the changing fashions of the two centuries that separate Sir Walter Raleigh in stays and a white satin doublet stuck all over with diamonds and pearls from the Marquis de Lafayette, who landed at Castle Garden in the blue broadcloth coat and nankeen trousers of 1824. In those two centuries men no less than women loved all the items of dress. The household accounts of Colonial dames from which Mrs. Earle draws much of her material are hardly more detailed than the Diary of Samuel Pepys. At the court of Charles II. it is natural enough to find the adoption of a new cut of cloak treated with the respect that affairs of state could not command. But George Washington himself, a century later, buys clothes through a London agent for his stepdaughter (aged six years), with an anxious attention to the fashions in silk and lawn and white kid gloves that we are unable to parallel in any modern step-father. The Colonial dames could not run over to Paris to buy clothes, and depended on the men of the family to bring back the latest London fashions. In 1674 Madam Symonds writes from New England to her son in London to send her a lawn whisk—a whisk being a sort of collar; he replies that whisks have gone out, and sends instead the latest style in ruffles.

"Such as goe not with naked necks, wear a black whisk over it. . . . Secondly, you sent for Damson-coloured Spanish leather for Woman's Shoes. But there is noe Spanish leather of that colour, and Turkey Leather is coloured on the grain side only, both of which are out of use for Women's Shoes. . . . As to the feathered fan 'tis grown almost as obsolete as Russets and more rare to be seen than a Yellow Hood."

All this, and more to the same effect, for the benefit of a Puritan lady who lived in an obscure little town in the Massachusetts of the seventeenth century. It was about this time that Pepys, who loved a new fashion as a child loves a new toy, noted at the play that ladies had begun to wear vizards that hid the whole face, "and so to the Exchange to buy a vizard for my wife."

Mrs. Earle often digresses from her chronological arrangement to describe the dress of special sects, such as the Quakers (for which she depends to a great extent on Mrs. Gummere's exhaustive work), or the dressing of women's hair, or the evolution of the pocket. Her aim has been throughout to throw light on the relations of the mother country and the colonies, on those "interesting reciprocities and mutabilities connecting the poor young Infant, New England, with its old Puritan mother and her affairs, which," said Carlyle, "ought to be disentangled, to be made conspicuous by the Infant herself now she has grown big." A discussion of perukes and periwigs, banyans and nightrails, and the like, even in Mrs. Earle's vivacious style, would hardly enchain the reader; what gives life to her book and brings us in touch with the wearers of all this outworn finery, the "changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins," is the abundance and charm of her illustrations. The portraits of Van Dyck, Lely, Kneller, and Reynolds, beautiful as they are and well produced, are not the most interesting among Mrs. Earle's collection. Some of the most attractive groups in the book were painted by Copley, Stuart, West, the Peales, and Robert Feke, the Rhode Island artist, whose painting of the rich fabrics of two centuries ago have lost nothing of their richness and lustre.

Mrs. Earle's volumes are a useful book of reference for the student of the fiction, the drama, and the art of 1620-1820. Few people know that the eccentric wrap that drapes the figure of Nicholas Boylston in the fine portrait that hangs in Memorial Hall, at Harvard, is a banyan, one of those Oriental garments which the East India trade brought into fashion; it belongs to the time when you might count on meeting a score of orange-colored turbans at an evening party. Goldsmith's Olivia has her picture painted "in a green joseph," a garment that belongs to the Amazonian period of women's dress. The spencers that women still wear were originally a man's coat,

"invented by Lord Spencer at about the same time (1792) that Lord Sandwich invented a form of food which would be nourishing and could be eaten quickly and conveniently while he was at the gambling-table. An English rhyme ran:

> "The plan was good, as some will say,
> And fitted to console one,
> Because in this poor starving day
> Few can afford a whole one."

Lord Spencer made a bet with Sir E. Chetwynd that he could set a fashion which would be adopted as a ruling mode within six months. This should be a form of dress wholly meaningless and unnecessary. Spencer called for a pair of shears, cut off the entire tails of the long coat he was wearing, put on the unhemmed, unfinished garment, and went out for a stroll. . . . In two weeks all London was wearing the garment; in two months all England, men, women, and children, and in scarcely less time all America."

In the first decade of the nineteenth century, knee-breeches, usually of nankeen, were still *de rigueur* for evening wear; in 1814 the Duke of Wellington was turned from the door of Almack's by an official, who said: "Your Grace cannot be admitted in trousers." The last man in public life in Washington to wear small-clothes and a cocked hat was President Monroe; it was a time when a cocked hat could express a whole political code, and untidy hair was a guarantee of sound Republican opinions.

When one compares the late Georgian portraits in this book with the fashions of to-day, one realizes how unsafe it would be to predict that any mode, however ridiculous, may not be revived. Waistcoats ribbed with straw are said to be becoming, and men may again put it to the proof; women may drop athletics and appear with their heads adorned by a ship of war in full sail made of spun glass, as they did about the time of the American Revolution; or they may refuse to wear any but green shoes. So far, however, they have limited themselves to a revival of the less fantastic modes of Georgian days. The dress in which Mrs. Daniel Webster entertained La-

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fayette in 1824 is a model of good taste, and would be perfectly correct to-day. The fur stole that came from Russia to Salem in 1800 is precisely the cut that this year comes from Paris. Mrs. Earle has produced a book that it will be hard to supersede in the matter of picturesqueness and completeness. Only one omission occurs to us—a chapter on perfumes.

The Nature of Man: Studies in Optimistic Philosophy. By Élie Metchnikoff, Professor at the Pasteur Institute. The English Translation edited by P. Chalmers Mitchell, M.A., D.Sc. Oxon., Secretary of the Zoölogical Society of London. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903. Pp. xvii., 309.

In the twelve chapters of this book the author has given us a rather brilliant, if not always convincing, exposition of the "disharmonies in the human constitution," physical, intellectual, and moral, which are the chief source of the sorrows of mankind; a picture of human nature in its strength and in its weakness. He tells us of what avail have been the consolations of philosophy and the ministerings of religion in combating disease of body and of mind, and staying the palsy of pessimism that in all ages has seized the heart of man. The "crown of creation" is afflicted with disharmonies of physical organs and of physiological functions, of family and social instincts—even the instinct of self-preservation itself. The human species has come up from the lower animal world without being able thus far to perceive or to establish harmony between the love of life and the conditions of existence. Man, the descendant of the beast, is both good and evil, however, and his hope lies in the possibility of change in his constitution through the results of scientific investigation. The pursuit of happiness must be along the route blazed by exact science, not along the old paths of apprehensive religion or metaphysical philosophy. Man must be thoroughly known in order to be fully saved. He has a large intestine and a very highly developed brain, and consciousness of old age and death has increased with intellectuality. So now the greatest disharmony of the constitution of man consists in this, that "strong will to live is opposed to the infirmities of age and the shortness of life." In the scientific study of old age and death lies the hope of the future.

The problem is largely to reduce the evils arising from the existence of a large intestine, and thereby make the phenomena of old age "physiological rather than pathological." We must not be content to introduce useful microbes into the body; we must keep out the "wild" ones, and "civilize" the savage and barbarous ones that have already succeeded in gaining entrance. Dr. Metchnikoff believes that a science of the prolongation of human life can be built up—in most instances the natural duration of life in man "ought to be more than a hundred years, and only in rare cases ought it to be much less than that term." The acquisition by mankind of the "instinct of natural death" is one of the tasks of the centuries to come. That instinct, Metchnikoff thinks, is now "as rare as the secretion of milk by males." To reach the end of life without being degenerate, morbid, or imbecile, is the great thing; the fear of death will have vanished, and men will "greet the unknown with a cheer." Gerontology and thanatology are the keywords of the future science of man; kalogerontia and euthanasia their sublime gifts to the race. And science will rule the mind and heart of man. The faith by which men shall live will be "faith in the power of science," the only doctor, corporeal and spiritual. Immortality of the human person is a pious dream, long life and happiness are realities still to be achieved by mankind. The pessimism of religions and of philosophies is as nothing before the optimism of science. The sacred writings of the Hebrews tell us that God saw everything and it was good, but became bad; the bible of science, yet unwritten, will declare that all things that were evil have been made good.

This is undoubtedly a great book—in some quarters it has been rather unthinkingly hailed as the greatest since Darwin's famous message to the world—and should be read by all intelligent men and women; but it is a work that can easily be overpraised by reason of the attractiveness of the subject and the interesting way in which it is discussed.

It is very natural that this strong pronouncement of scientific optimism should have been written by a Slav, and its appearance augurs well for the future of science when the author's fellow-countrymen, the most optimistic people in the world, shall make their influence felt to the full in the great mingling of human races and human ideals to be witnessed in the centuries beyond our own. The Slavic core of Metchnikoff's philosophy is seen in his eulogy of sour milk, the already-won basis of a scientific dietary. Does the optimism of the Slav in general rest upon this also?

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan. Illustrated with twenty-five drawings on wood, by George Cruikshank, from the collection of Edwin Truman. With Biographical Introduction and Indexes. Henry Frowde. 1903.

When George Cruikshank died in 1878, Mr. Truman was known to be a diligent student and an enviable collector of the great artist's work. It has been noted at various times that he had in preparation an elaborate dictionary of the productions of the Cruikshanks—of that artistic family of which George was the most powerful and also the most popular member, who kept his hand in from early youth to advanced old age, and at no time relaxed in the brilliant and effective practice of his charming art, working at caricature, at broadsides, and popular satirical pamphlets with two or three pictures each, but most of all at book illustration. In that he was unrivalled, and in this way he became almost as popular as he deserved to be, for the true book illustrator is not brought to light every day, nor did the system which had been pursued for a thousand years, before the introduction of photographic reproduction killed it in our own day, produce at any time a more perfect representative of that class of men than George Cruikshank.

All this being so, we had welcomed the statement which is made in this book, on the leaf next after the title-page, that "the drawings for the illustrations . . . were made by George Cruikshank more than forty years ago," and have been in Mr. Truman's possession "for upwards of thirty-three years." They have never been produced before, and, now that we see them, we understand some part of the reasons why they have been held back. They are not attractive. Cruikshank never did a less interesting piece of work. Forty years measured backwards from 1903 will give us 1863, and in 1863 Cruikshank was still in full power, engaged on drawings for wood-engraving and on etchings as well. Of course the work done *on* metal plates, the drawing made by his own hand on the plate and printed direct, and unaltered, is of a different and of a more certainly artistic character. Speaking of the woodcuts alone, let it be said that these illustrations to the Pilgrim's Progress are not to be compared for a moment with the very early illustrations to William Hone's political pamphlets, nor with those which are scattered through the famous 'Universal Songster,' where, though much is by the elder brother, Robert, there are still a score signed G. C., and which must have been drawn and also engraved before 1825; nor with the simple little studies of romantic situation in the 'Italian Tales' (1827); nor with the illustrations made for "John Gilpin" and published in 1828; nor with the realistic and expressive work, in landscape and figure conjoined, of 'The Epping Hunt,' dated 1829. Or, to take the work of later years, consider the really funny and at the same time most expressive and artistic tailpieces of 'Talpa; or the Chronicles of a Clay Farm,' published in the middle of the century, or those in 'The Discovery concerning Ghosts,' of 1864, which show that at seventy, at least, the artist's hand had not weakened nor his creative energy suffered. And so the student turns to the late-coming results of that busy and most interesting career, to the drawings made by the old man of nearer eighty than seventy, the drawings for 'The Brownies,' published in 1870, and finally to the frontispiece etched in 1875 for Mrs. Blewitt's story, 'The Rose and the Lily,' published in 1877, "by George Cruikshank, aged eighty-three." There is a great pleasure in finding so much of the old charm still lingering around the familiar design; there is doubt whether it is well for the world to have the work of the hand that had so far lost its cunning. Equally, in the presence of these Pilgrim's Progress designs, there must be some regret that they have ever been allowed to see the light—actually now first engraved, most of them.

Apart from the illustrations, the book is an admirable edition of Bunyan's famous allegory, printed, as it appears, in close reproduction of the early editions named in the introduction, viz., the second edition of the first part, published in 1678, and the first edition of the second part, published in 1684. The spelling has been modernized, the reason assigned being that the orthography of the original editions was so irregular that "no good end was to be served in retaining an erroneous usage." Admitting the possibility of two opinions on this matter, and wishing, for our own part, that a photographic reproduction of the early pages could have been given also, we yet accept the statement that the text has been followed with religious thoroughness except as to this matter of spelling. The Biographical Introduction (biographi-

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cal of Bunyan, not of Cruikshank) occupies thirty pages, and has been written by Canon Venables and "revised by Miss Mabel Peacock." The book forms a handsome volume, bound in gray linen, and is announced as being issued in an edition of one thousand copies.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andrews, J. B. Fontaines des Génies. Algiers: Adolphe Jourdan.
Ashmead, A. S. Origin of Quaternary Man in the Western Hemisphere. St. Louis: The Freegard Press.
Beers, Henry A. Points at Issue. (Essays.) The Macmillan Co.
Booth, William H. Liquid Fuel and its Combustion. E. P. Dutton & Co. $8 net.
Bradley, A. G. Canada in the Twentieth Century. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.
Chapell, Rev. F. C. The Great Awakening. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.
Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakspere. Edited by D. Nichol Smith. Glasgow: James MacLehose and Sons; New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.
Greer, Hilton R. Sun Gleams and Gossamers. (Verse.) Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Hame, William Garvin. Love Knoweth Best. (Verse.) Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Lane, J. Elliott. The Financial Side of Hotel Keeping. The Caterer Publishing Co.
Lane, Prof. George M. A Latin Grammar. Revised ed. American Book Co.
McIntosh, John Geddes. The Technology of Sugar. London: Scott, Greenwood & Co.; New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. $4.50 net.
O'Shea, M. V. Education as Adjustment. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Pierre, Jean. Satire and Sentiment. (Verse.) Cambridge, Mass.: E. W. Wheeler.
Sabatier, Auguste. Religions of Authority, and the Religions of the Spirit. Translated from the French by Louis Seymour Houghton. McClure, Phillips & Co. $3.50 net.
Saunders, Charles Francis. In a Poppy Garden. (Verse.) Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Shakspere's Tempest, with introduction and notes by Mark Harvey Liddell. (The Elizabethan Shakspere.) Doubleday, Page & Co.
Smith, G. C. Moore. The Life of John Colborne, Field-Marshal Lord Seaton. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.
Tennyson's In Memoriam, with analysis and notes by Charles Mansford. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 75 cents net.
The English Bible. (Tudor Translations.) Apocrypha. London: David Nutt.
The Poultry Book. Part VII. Doubleday, Page & Co. 60 cents net.
Viles, George Burridge. Comparison of Bodmer's Translation of Milton's Paradise Lost with the Original. Leipzig: Emil Glausch.
Welling, James Clarke. Addresses, Lectures, and Other Papers. Boston: Privately printed.
Wheeler, Charles Kirkland. The Autobiography of the I or Ergo. Published by the Author, 9 Park Square, Boston. $1 net.
Who's Who, 1904. London: Adam and Charles Black; New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

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